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Pictures from "Punch"

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Vol. V.

LONDON

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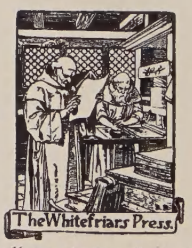

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PICTURES FROM "PUNCH"

OUR JOHN-BULLIONAIRES. 1904

Sir Clondyke Crœsus (to distinguished Frenchman, who, with his wife, has been asked to a quiet family dinner). "AH, MOSSOO, THERE'S ONE THING WE PRIDE OURSELVES ON, THAT YOU FOREIGNERS 'AVEN'T GOT, AND THAT IS THE SIMPLE ENGLISH 'OME LIFE!"

COLD COMFORT. 1903

Traveller (waiting for Train already twenty minutes late). "PORTER, WHEN DO YOU EXPECT THAT TRAIN TO COME IN?"

Porter. "CAN'T SAY, SIR. BUT THE LONGER YOU WAITS FOR IT, THE MORE SURE 'TIS TO COME IN THE NEXT MINUTE."

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY. 1903

First Worthy. "WHERE DO I GET MY OPINIONS FROM ON THIS 'ERE FAIR TRADE? FROM SQUIRE, O' COURSE. 'E GAVE ME TWO PARTRIDGES WHEN MY OLE 'OOMAN WERE BAD, AN'——"

Second Worthy. "TAKE CARE, GILES, TAKE CARE. WHAT'S THAT BUT BRIBERY?"

First W. "DON'T YOU RUN ON SO FAST, GAFFER. THEY BIRDS WAS THAT 'IGH, WE NEVER TOUCHED 'EM."

Second W. "WORSE AN' WORSE! THAT'S BRIBERY *AN'* CORRUPTION!"

A LAST RESORT. 1904

Miss Armstrong (who has foozled the ball six times with various clubs). "AND WHICH OF THE STICKS AM I TO USE NOW?"

Weary Caddie. "GIE IT A BIT KNOCK WI' THE BAG!"

PROFESSIONAL ASSISTANCE.

Caddie (in stage whisper to Biffin, who is frightfully nervous). "DON'T YOU GET NERVOUS, SIR! IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'VE TOLD EVERY ONE OF 'EM YOU CAN'T PLAY!"

ICHABOD! 1900

"WERE YOU IMPRESSED BY THE PARTHENON, MR. McTURK?"
"IMPRESSED! WHY, IF YOU'LL BELIEVE ME, THE BUILDING IS NAETHING BUT A HEAP O' RUINS!"

A DISAPPOINTING HOST. 1900

Sandy. "A 'M TELLT YE HEV A NEW NEBBUR, DONAL'." *Donald.* "AYE." *Sandy.* "AN' WHAT LIKE IS HE?"
Donald. "WEEL, HE 'S A CURIOUS LADDIE. A WENT TO HEV A BIT TALK WI' HIM TH' ITHER EVENIN', AN' HE OFFERED ME A GLASS O' WHUSKEY, D'YE SEE? WEEL, HE WAS POORIN' IT OOT, AN' A SAID TO HIM 'STOP!'—*AN' HE STOPPIT!* THAT'S THE SOORT O' MON HE IS."

THE MERRY WIDOW. 1901

He. "ARE YOU STILL LIVING AT THE SAME ADDRESS IN TOWN, MRS. JONES?"
She. "YES. BUT SINCE I 'VE BECOME A WIDOW, I 'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR ANOTHER FLAT!"

THE MARTYR. 1904

Doctor. "WELL, MRS. MUGGERIDGE, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON? TAKEN THE MEDICINE, EH?"
Mrs. M. "YES, DOCTOR. I 'VE TAKEN ALL THE TABLOIDS YOU SENT, AND NOW I WANT A NEW PERSECUTION."

THE PROSAIC ENGLISHMAN. 1902

She (to returned warrior, enthusiastically). "AND I SUPPOSE YOU ALMOST LIVED ON HORSEBACK OUT THERE!"
He. "WELL, YES, TOWARDS THE END OF LADYSMITH WE DID. IT MAKES RATHER DECENT SOUP!"

PRESSED FOR TIME.

He. "D' YOU THINK YOU COULD SING 'FOR EVER AND FOR EVER'?"

She. "WELL, I DON'T THINK SO. I 'M ONLY DOWN HERE FOR THE WEEK-END."

THE EASTER VACATION. 1904

Owner. "WELL, THE POOR OLD MOKE AIN'T BEEN QUITE 'ISSELF LATELY, SO WE THOUGHT A DAY IN THE COUNTRY 'UD DO 'IM GOOD."

THE FIRST DIP. 1902

"BUT, DARLING, YOU USED NOT TO CRY IN YOUR BATH. WHAT FRIGHTENS YOU HERE?"

"OH, MUMMY, IT'S SO MUCH TOO FULL!"

LAND AND WATER.

Prospective Purchaser (arrived from town to see the locality as advertised some three weeks ago. He has not heard of the recent floods in this part of the country). "LOOK HERE. ARE YOU SELLING THIS PROPERTY BY THE YARD OR BY THE PINT?"

GOING HOME.

Commissionaire. "WOULD YOU LIKE A FOUR-WHEELER OR A 'ANSOM, SIR?"

Convivial Party (indistinctly). "VER' MUSH OBLIGE—BUT—REELY DON'T THINK I *COULD* TAKE 'NY MORE!"

DECEIVERS EVER.

TIME—3 A.M.

Voice from above. "IS THAT YOU, JOHN? YOU'RE VERY LATE, AREN'T YOU?"

Brown (returned from celebrating the latest victory). "IT'S ONLY ABOUT—ER—TWELVE, MY DEAR, I THINK——"

The Cuckoo Clock. "CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO!"

Brown (grasping situation instantly). "CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO!"

EASIER SAID THAN DONE. 1904

Wife (to FitzJones, who, in trying to lay the cloth for the picnic on a windy day, has got among the crockery).

"JUST LOOK WHAT YOU'RE DOING, ARCHIBALD!"

LUX MUNDI. 1904

Duoker. "WHAT'S THIS I HEAR, MAJOR? YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY AGAIN! YOU TOLD ME THAT THE LIGHT OF YOUR LIFE HAD GONE OUT!"

Gay Widower. "QUITE SO; BUT NOW, YOU SEE, I AM GOING TO STRIKE ANOTHER MATCH!"

THE MASTER'S TASTE. 1902

Mistress. "NOW, COOK, YOU REALLY OUGHT TO BE QUITE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! HOW COULD YOU SEND THOSE PHEASANTS UP YESTERDAY IN SUCH A STATE? WHY, THEY MUST HAVE BEEN IN THE LARDER AT LEAST A MONTH!"

Cook. "WELL, MA'AM, I REALLY AM VERY SORRY, MA'AM, BUT I ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD MASTER ONLY CARED FOR *HIGH* BIRDS."

[She has heard from the gamekeeper that Master is a "nailer at 'rocketers.'"

TECHNICAL EDUCATION. 1902

(What we are coming to.)

"I'VE GOT A REALLY EXCELLENT COOK NOW. SHE DEVELOPS ALL MY PHOTOS FOR ME!"

"THE HAT TRICK." 1902

DOWLES'S LAST DRIVE TO THE BOUNDARY WON THE MATCH, COMPLETED HIS CENTURY, AND RUINED HIS WIFE'S NEW HAT!

THE BEST OF REASONS.

Diana. "I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU CALL THIS OTTER-HUNTING, MAJOR. HERE I'VE BEEN OUT FOUR TIMES, AND NEVER SEEN AN OTTER."
M. O. H. (*an enthusiast*). "AH, THERE YOU ARE, YOU SEE! THAT'S JUST WHERE THE HUNTING COMES IN!"

THE HIBERNIAN ARTIST. 1904

Lady (*who is posing and rather tired*). "OH, MY DEAR MR. DOOLAN, HAVEN'T YOU YET GOT IT ALL RIGHT FOR TAKING ME?"

Mr. Doolan (*amateur photographer*). "MY DEAR LADY, IT 'LL BE FINE! YOU 'RE JUST IN THE VERY ATTITUDE! COME ROUND NOW AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!"

HEAVEN FORBID!

Fair Sitter (*to exhausted photographer*). "SHALL I SMILE?"

HER FIRST RACE-MEETING. 1904

Old Lady. "OH, ADOLPHUS, WHAT A DEAR, SWEET LITTLE JOCKEY BOY! WHERE 'S YOUR PURSE? LET ME GIVE THE LITTLE DEAR A PENNY."

[*Disgust of Canter, the famous jock, who is a married man with a large family, and a corresponding income.*

SUSPICIOUS.

Strange Constable. "COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE THE VICAR LIVES?"

Giles. "WHY, WOT 'S 'E DONE, ZUR?"

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE. 1904

"HOH, I SAY, 'ARRY, JES' LOOK 'ERE! BLOWED IF THEY AIN'T PUT THE CHIMNEY-POT ON AFORE THE 'OUSE IS BUILT!"

OUR VILLAGE. 1903

Local Genius (endeavouring to obtain historical photo of gathering at village fête). "NOW! JUST A SECOND MORE! EVERYONE QUITE STILL! ALL LOOK AT THE CAMERA! NOW, QUITE STILL, PLE——OH, LOR, I 'VE FORGOTTEN THE PLATES!"

FORETHOUGHT. 1900

Algernon has been very severe with two tramps.

Winifred. "OH, ALGERNON, DARLING! DON'T BE HARSH. YOU NEVER KNOW. *WE* MAY BE *JUST LIKE THEM* SOME DAY!"

A CRITICAL INSPECTION.

Guilderstein (of the City, who has been inspecting the property with a view to purchase). "NICE LOT OF HEADS! SHOT ON THE ESTATE, I SUPPOSE?"

UNKNOWN TO FAME. 1961

Cookney Sportsman. "HAW—YOUNG WOMAN, WHOSE WHISKIES DO YOU KEEP HERE?"
Highland Lassie. "WE ONLY KEEP McPHERSON'S, SIR."
C. S. "McPHERSON? HAW—WHO THE DEUCE IS McPHERSON?"
H. L. "MY BROTHER, SIR."

FULLY QUALIFIED.

Fond Parent. "NO—SHE WON'T WORK! SHE NEVER *WOULD* WORK! SHE NEVER WILL WORK!!! THERE 'S ONLY ONE THING—*SHE 'LL 'AVE TO GO OUT TO SERVICE!*"

CROOKED RUNNING.

Riding Master. "I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULD RIDE?"

Candidate for the Imperial Yeomanry. "YE-YES. BUT YOU DON'T GET 'ARF A CHANCE 'ERE, THE CORNERS ARE SO BLOOMIN' SHARP!"

THE RIDING LESSON.

Fair Pupil (in riding school). "OW!—EE—EE! HE 'S WALTZING ROUND AND ROUND! QUICK—*WHICH STRING DO I PULL?*"

UNANSWERABLE. 1904

Bob. COULDN'T I BE THE MOTHER SOMETIMES, INSTEAD OF ALWAYS BEING THE DOCTOR?"

Nellie (scornfully). "HOW COULD YOU BE THE MOTHER WHEN YOU HAVEN'T GOT A LAP?"

"CHILDREN AND FOOLS—" 1902

Mrs. Bellairs (to visitor). "SO SORRY, MY DEAR, I CAN'T ASK YOU TO STAY, BUT I HAVE PROMISED TO TAKE EVY FOR A DRIVE THIS AFTERNOON."

Visitor (pleasantly). "MY DEAR, I'M JUST OFF. I KNOW IT DOESN'T DO TO KEEP THE HORSES STANDING ABOUT."

Evy (small and irrepressible). "OH, MUMMY DEAR, I *DO* HOPE *THE BUS WON'T BE CROWDED!*"

NOTHING TO FEAR.

Customer (who has ordered a book). "HAVE YOU GOT THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA?"

New Assistant. "OH NO, SIR! IT 'S NOTHING INFECTIOUS!"

THE INQUIRING MIND.

Cabman. "'FRAID I CAN'T TAKE YOU AS FAR AS 'IGHGATE, LADY. I TOOK HIM DOWN TO THE DERBY YESTERDAY, AN'——."

Master Tom. "DID HE WIN?"

QUOI? 1900

First Artist (six months in Paris). "YES, THIS IS THE BEST THING I 'VE DONE."
Second Artist (just arrived). "MON, DINNA LET THAT DISCOORAGE YE!"

GIVE AND TAKE. 1900

Painter. "YOU CAN STAND DOWN AND REST, MODEL."
Model. "AW RIGHT, HARTIST!"

FAUTE DE MIEUX. 1901

Talkative Old Lady (drinking a glass of Milk, to enthusiastic Teetotaler, who is doing ditto). "YES, SIR; SINCE THEY'RE BEGUN POISONING THE BEER, *WE MUST* DRINK *SOMETHING*, MUSTN'T WE?"

WHAT NEXT!

Country Cousin. "DO YOU STOP AT THE CECIL?"
'Bus Driver. "*DO* I STOP AT THE CECIL!—*ON TWENTY-EIGHT BOB A WEEK!*"

HEARD AT NEWMARKET.

Jockey (whose horse has broken down). "THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WAS AS GOOD AS A WALK OVER?"
Trainer. "WELL, AIN'T YOU *WALKIN'* OVER?"

THE ADVANTAGE OF EDUCATION.

M.F.H. (who has had occasion to reprimand hard-riding stranger). "I'M AFRAID I USED RATHER STRONG LANGUAGE TO YOU JUST NOW."
Stranger. "STRONG LANGUAGE? A MERE *TWITTER*, SIR. YOU SHOULD HEAR *OUR* MASTER!"

THE REBUKE.

Chauffeur. "PARDON, MONSIEUR. THIS WAY, CONDUCTS SHE STRAIGHT TO HELE?"

Major Chili Pepper (a rabid anti-motorist and slightly deaf). "CERTAINLY IT WILL, SIR, IF YOU CONTINUE TO DRIVE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD!"

THE RETORT CURTEOUS.

Motorist (cheerfully—to fellow-guest in house party). "WHAT LUCK? KILLED ANYTHING?"

Angler (bitterly). "NO. HAVE YOU?"

AT A LADIES' CLUB. 1903

Guest (who rather fancies himself as a fascinator). "BUT ALTHOUGH YOU ARE ALL KNOWN AS MEN-HATERS AREN'T THERE NOW AND AGAIN OCCASIONS WHEN YOU FIND IT *VERY* HARD TO LIVE UP TO YOUR REPUTATION?"

READY MADE.

She. "WE 're INVITED TO THE TALBOTS' FANCY DRESS BALL. WILL YOU GO?"

He. "*FANCY DRESS!* OH, I SAY, LOOK HERE, YOU KNOW, *RATHER* NOT. I DON'T WANT TO MAKE MYSELF LOOK A SILLY ASS!"

WORTHY OF A WOMAN.

"YES, COUNT, IN ALL THE PARK THERE IS NO PLACE I LIKE SO WELL AS UNDER THIS OLD, OLD TREE." *(Sighing sentimentally.)* "THERE ARE TENDER ASSOCIATIONS, YOU SEE."

"AHA, I COMPREHEND, MAM'SELLE. YOU HAVE YOURSELF PLANTED THE TREE!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Lady (calling on new Vicar's young Wife). "HAVE YOU SEEN THE LIBRARY AT THE HALL? SIR GEORGE IS QUITE A BIBLIOPHILE, YOU KNOW."
Vicar's Wife (warmly). "OH, I'M *SO* GLAD TO HEAR THAT! SO MANY OF THESE WEALTHY MEN HAVE *NO* RELIGION!"

EQUIVOCAL.

Mother of unprepossessing Youngster. "YES, WE HAD A LOT OF TROUBLE WITH HIM WHEN HE WAS A BABY!"
Visitor. "AND NOW, I'M SURE, THE LITTLE MAN HAS TURNED OUT TO BE A BLESSING IN DISGUISE!"

FEMININE PINPRICKS.

Elderly Spinster. "AH, DEAR JULIA, YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW I DREAD TO THINK OF MY FORTIETH BIRTHDAY!"
Julia. "WHY, DEAR? DID SOMETHING VERY UNPLEASANT HAPPEN THEN?"

BREAKING IT GENTLY. 1903

His Cousins. "WE SENT OFF THE WIRE TO STOP YOUR MODEL COMING. BUT YOU HAD PUT ONE WORD TOO MANY—SO WE STRUCK IT OUT."

Real Artist. "OH, INDEED. WHAT WORD DID YOU STRIKE OUT?"

His Cousins. "YOU HAD WRITTEN 'HE WASN'T TO COME, AS YOU HAD ONLY JUST DISCOVERED YOU COULDN'T PAINT TO-DAY.' SO WE CROSSED OUT '*TO-DAY.*'"

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH. 1904

Fond Mother. "I *DO* WISH YOU WOULD LOOK OVER SOME OF MY LITTLE BOY'S SKETCHES, AND GIVE ME YOUR CANDID OPINION ON THEM. THEY STRIKE ME AS PERFECTLY MARVELLOUS FOR ONE SO YOUNG. THE OTHER DAY HE DREW A HORSE AND CART, AND, I CAN ASSURE YOU, YOU COULD SCARCELY TELL THE DIFFERENCE!"

COMPENSATION.

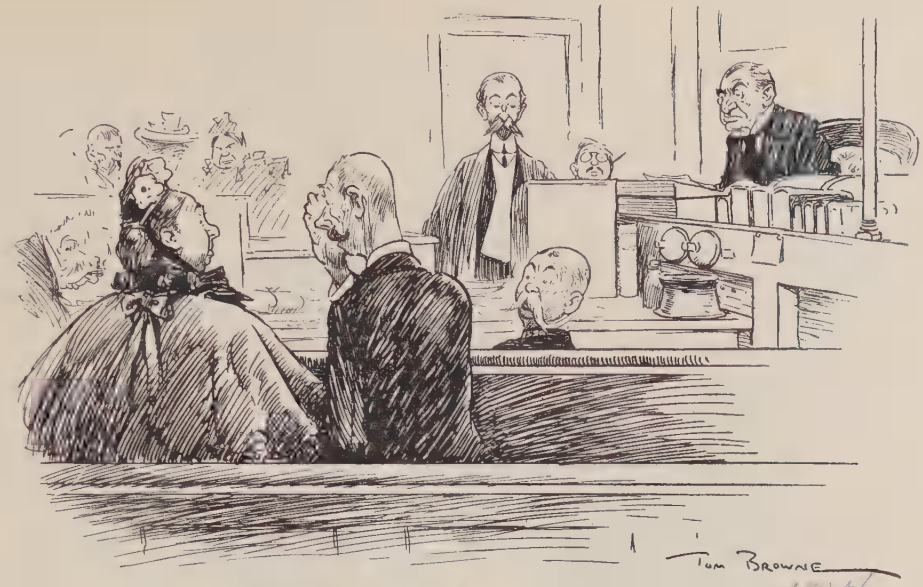
Saxon Intruder (to Irish Country Vet.). "I SAY, MIKE, WHAT'S THIS BILL OF YOURS FOR TWO PUN' TEN FOR?"

Vet. "FAIX, 'TIS RAYSONABLE ENOUGH. ISN'T IT FOR CURING YOUR MOTHER'S OULD MARE TILL SHE DIED?"

PROFESSIONAL DIGNITY.

Patient (ex-pugilist). "I SAY, BILL, YER 'VE BIN AN' BROUGHT ME TO SEE A FEATHER-WEIGHT!"

Friend. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MITE. LOOK AT 'IS 'ED! JUST YOU WITE TILL 'E STARTS THINKIN'!"



HER FIRST VISIT TO A POLICE-COURT.

Old Lady. "WHAT A VILLAINOUS-LOOKING MAN THE PRISONER IS!"
Friend. "HUSH! THAT'S NOT THE PRISONER. THAT'S THE MAGISTRATE!"

A PARTHIAN SHOT.

Hansom Cabby. "GARN! YOU 'RE LIKE A NOVEMBER DAY, SHORT, DARK, AND DIRTY!"

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.

Motor Crank (in dark-tinted spectacles). "JUST BEEN CANVASSING. THINGS ARE LOOKING VERY BLACK IN THE COUNTRY."

Lady. "OH, BUT WHY DON'T YOU TRY PINK GOGGLES?"

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Major Mustard (who has been changing several of his servants). "HOW DARE YOU CALL YOURSELF A CHAUFFEUR?"

Alfonse. "MAIS NON! NON, MONSIEUR! JE NE SUIS PAS 'CHAUFFEUR.' J'AI DIT QUE JE SUIS LE CHEF. MAIS MONSIEUR COMPREHEND NOT!"

ON THE WAY HOME FROM THE EXMOOR HUNT—NO KILL. 1903

Fair Huntress. "WHAT A PITY THE HOUNDS LET THAT SPLEND'D STAG GET AWAY, COLONEL, WASN'T IT?"

Colonel. "PITY! HA, IF THEY'D ONLY TAKEN MY ADVICE WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN UP WITH HIM NOW, INSTEAD OF BEING MILES AWAY ON THE WRONG TRACK!"

HEBRIDEAN SPORT. 1903

Shooting Tenant (accounting for very large species of grouse which his setter has just flushed). "CAPERCAILZIE! BY GEORGE!"

Under-keeper Neil. "I'M AFTER THINKING, SIR, YOU'LL HAVE KILLED WIDOW McSWAN'S COCHIN COCK. YE SEE THE CROFTERS WERE FORCED TO PUT HIM AND THE HENS AWAY OUT HERE TILL THE OATS IS RIPE!"

NOT THE GAME.

Miss Dorah (to Major Putter, who is playing an important Match, and has just lost his ball). "OH, MAJOR, DO COME AND TAKE YOUR HORRID BALL AWAY FROM MY LITTLE DOG. HE WON'T LET ME TOUCH IT, AND I KNOW HE MUST BE RUINING HIS TEETH!"

GOLFING AMENITIES.

(Overheard on a Course within 100 miles of Edinburgh.)

Hopeless Duffer (who continually asks his Caddy the same question, with much grumbling at the non-success of his clubs). "AND WHAT SHALL I TAKE NOW?"

His Unfortunate Partner (whose match has been lost and game spoilt, at last breaking out). "WHAT 'LL YE TAK NOO? THE BEST THING YE CAN TAK IS THE FOWER FIFTEEN FOR EDINBURGH!"

SUPERFLUOUS. 1902

Owner (as the car insists upon backing into a dike) "DON'T BE ALARMED! KEEP COOL! TRY AND KEEP COOL!"

(Friend thinks there is every probability of their keeping VERY *cool, whether they try to or not!*

INSULT TO INJURY.

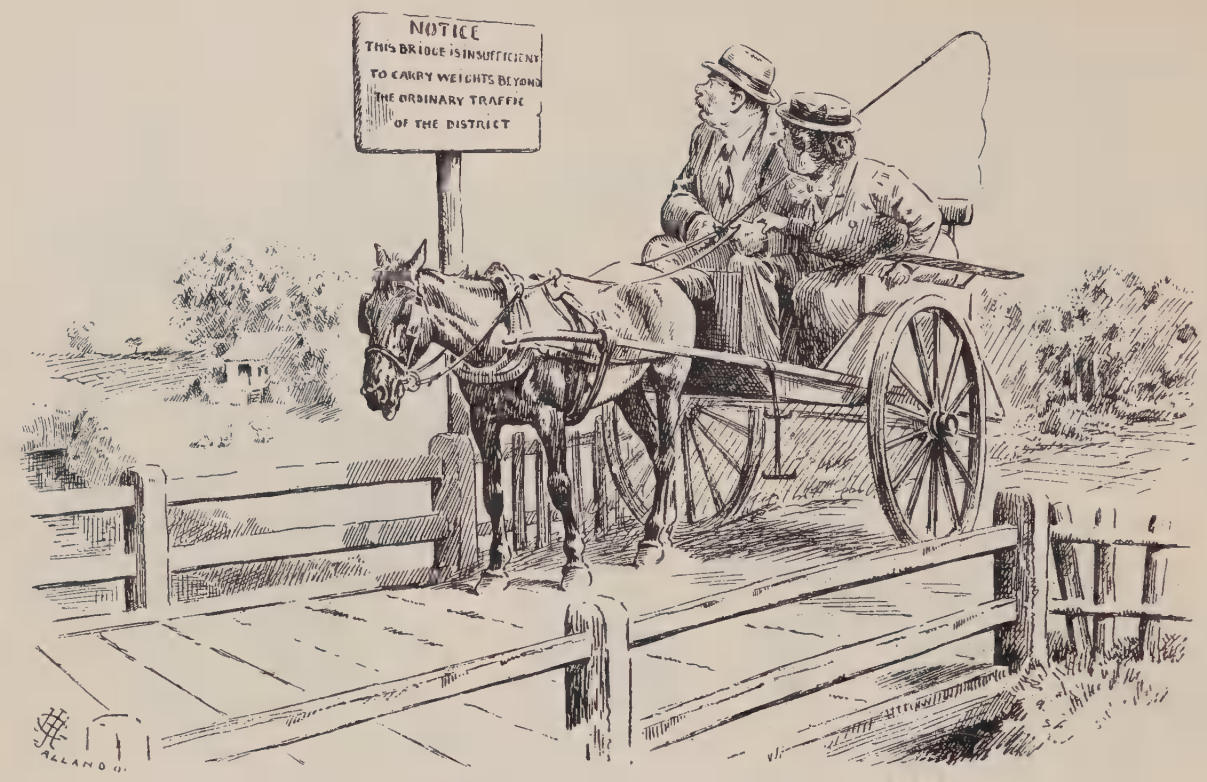
Fitz-Noodle's Harriers, after a capital run, have killed—a Fox!

Incensed local M. F. H. "CONFOUND IT, SIR, YOU HAVE KILLED ONE OF MY FOXES!"

F. N. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD CHAP! YOU MAY KILL ONE OF MY HARES!"

AN IRISH INTRO-DUC-TION

Village Dame (addressing a brood of young ducks which she has just thrown into the pond for a first swim). "THER', NOW YOU BE LANDED!"



THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

"TURN BACK, PHILIP! DON'T LET'S TAKE ANY RISKS!"

QUITE SAFE.

Tripper. "'ERE! 'ARF A MO'! WHERE 'S THE CHANGE OUT O' THAT BOB I GAVE YER?"

Bystander. "DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, COCKY, AIN'T YOU GOT THE BLOOMIN' 'OSS AS SECURITY?"

"A THOUSAND MELODIES UNHEARD BEFORE."

Little Girl (to Sportsman, just dismounted from roarer to adjust his curb-chain). "HULLO, ALFRED! PUTTING ON A NEW TUNE?"

THE CONNOISSEUR.

Butler. "MASTER SAYS YOU 'RE TO HAVE A GLASS O' THIS BEFORE YOU GO, MRS. GILES. NOW, THAT 'S SOME RARE GOOD STUFF, THAT IS, AN' WILL DO 'EE A WORLD O' GOOD!"

Mrs. Giles. "WELL, IT CERTAINLY *DO* TASTE BETTER THAN THE PHYSIC I BE IN THE 'ABIT O' TAKIN'!"

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MRS. CANDOUR. 1902.

Old Lady (describing a cycling accident). "'E 'ELPED ME HUP, AN' BRUSHED THE DUST ORF ON ME, AN' PUT FIVE SHILLIN' IN MY 'AND, AN' SO I SAYS, 'WELL, SIR, I 'M SURE YOU 'RE *HACTIN'* LIKE A GENTLEMAN,' I SAYS, 'THOUGH I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU ARE ONE,' I SAYS."

AFTER FEEDING-TIME.

Showman of Travelling Menagerie. "NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE COME TO THE MOST INTERESTING PART OF THE 'OLE EXHIBITION! SEVEN DIFFERENT SPECIES OF HANIMALS, IN THE SAME CAGE, DWELLIN' IN ,ARMONY. YOU COULD SEE THEM WITH THE NAKED HEYE, ONLY YOU HAVE COME TOO LATE. THEY ARE ALL NOW INSIDE THE LION!"

DOIN' THE SMART THING.

She. "I NOTICE THAT SINCE LITTLE MRS. MONTY HAS BEEN IN THAT SET SHE'S DROPPED ALL HER G'S."
He. "GONE IN FOR A MOTOR, I SUPPOSE, WHAT?"

THE RULING PASSION. 1903

Customs Official. "HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE?"
Absent-minded Traveller (Bridge-player, just catching last word). "OH, LEAVE IT TO YOU!"

TRUTH WILL OUT.

Loafer. "ANY CHANCE OF A JOB O' WORK 'ERE, MISTER?"
Foreman. "NO. WE 'RE NOT WANTING ANY MORE HANDS NOW."
Loafer. "WELL, THE LITTLE BIT O' WORK I 'D DO WOULDN'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE!"

AN ELEGY IN A COUNTRY BACK-YARD. 190

"THE SHORT AND SIMPLE (FL)ANNELS OF THE POOR!"

THE RURAL ECONOMIST. 1982

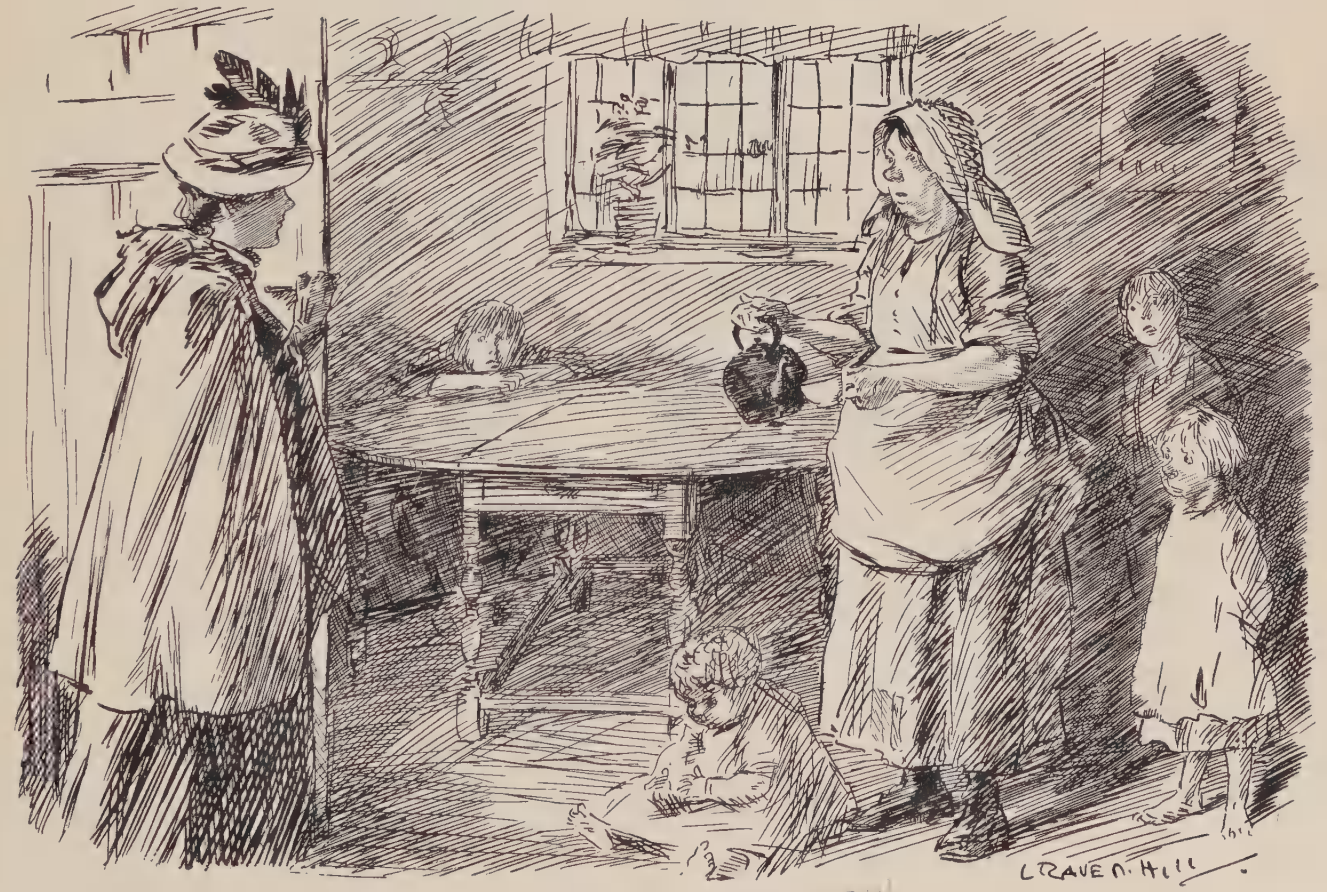
Cyclist (whose tyre has become deflated). "HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS A PUMP?"
Yokel. "'EES, MISS, THERE 'S ONE I' THE YARD."
Cyclist. "I SHOULD BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU WOULD LET ME USE IT."
Yokel. "THAT DEPENDS 'OW MUCH YOU WANT. WATTER BE MAIN SCARCE WI' US THIS YEAR! OI 'LL ASK FEYTHER."

CLERICAL HUMOUR. 1982

Rector. "WHY, DOCTOR, WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO? I THOUGHT THE MEET WAS DOWN AT THE CROSS ROADS?"
Doctor. "WELL, THE FACT IS, I 'VE GOT A PATIENT UP HERE THAT I MUST SEE, AND THE HOUNDS ARE CERTAIN TO COME THIS WAY."
Rector. "I SEE. KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE, EH?"

QUITE A FANCY ARTICLE.

Customer. "BUT WHAT *CAN* IT BE USED FOR?"
Salesman. "WELL, I REALLY COULDN'T SAY, MADAM, BUT I *THINK* IT'S INTENDED FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT!"



HER MISTAKE.

District Visitor. "WELL, MRS. HODGES, GOING TO HAVE A CUP OF TEA?"
Mrs. Hodges. "OH NO, MISS; WE 'RE JUST GOIN' TO 'AVE A WASH!"

THE TERRORS OF SOCIAL LIFE. 1911

At a Charity Ball.

Stout Lady. "EXCUSE ME, LADY GODOLPHIN, BUT I *SHOULD* SO LIKE TO MAKE SOME NOTES OF YOUR CHARMING COSTUME—MAY I?"

Lady Godolphin. "PARDON ME, BUT REALLY I 'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T THE PLEASURE OF——"

Stout Lady. "OH, I 'M *SURE* YOU WON'T MIND; I 'M 'GIRLIE,' YOU KNOW—I DO THE FASHION ARTICLE FOR *CLASSY BITS!*"

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

Miss Short. "ISN'T MY NAME AN ABSURD MISFIT, MR. LONG?"

Mr Long (thoughtlessly) "YES, RATHER. IF YOU COULD HAVE MINE IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT, WOULDN'T IT?"

Miss Short. "OH, MR. LONG, THIS IS SO SUDDEN!"

A GUID CONCEIT. 1904

Genial Old Gentleman. "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOURSELF PRETTY CLEVER, EH?"
Little Man "YES. BUT I DON'T THINK MYSELF SO CLEVER AS I REALLY AM!"

THE COMFORTER. 1904

"I SAY OLD MAN, I'VE JUST BEEN DOWN IN THE SALOON, AND THEY GIVE YOU THE FINEST HALF-CROWN LUNCH I'VE [redacted] STRUCK!"

"MULTUM IN PARVO." 1904

THE ONLY BOAT LEFT! A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &c. 1903

Rescuer. "HOLD ON A BIT! I MAY NEVER GET A CHANCE LIKE THIS AGAIN!"

L'ART NOUVEAU.

Damp but undaunted Correspondent of a Sporting Paper (to elderly party, who has also been "put down"). "COULD YOU KEEP STILL BUT ONE MOMENT, SIR, WHILE I MAKE MY SKETCH?"

OUT OF SEASON. 1903

Stern Parent (appearing suddenly). "ANGELINA!"
Angelina. "YES, PA?"
Stern Parent. "*CUB*-HUNTING 'S OVER!"

THE DONKEYS' HOLIDAY. 1900

With compliments to the S. P. C. A.

IN A TRAM-CAR. 1904

Lady (with smelly basket of fish). "DESSAY YOU 'D RATHER 'AVE A GENTLEMAN SETTIN' A-SIDE OF YOU ?"

Gilded Youth (who has been edging away). "YES, I WOULD."

Lady. "SAME 'ERE !"

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE. 1902

"I WAS SO SORRY TO HEAR A FOX HAD BEEN STEALING YOUR POULTRY AGAIN. HOW UNFORTUNATE FOR YOU!"

"OH, WE CAN BEAR IT, MISS, THANK YOU KINDLY. YOU SEE THE SLOPSHIRE HUNT COUNTRY COMES UP TO OUR FARM ON ONE SIDE, AND THE JOWLERS ON THE OTHER, SO WE MAKE A CLAIM ON BOTH, AND *THEY EACH PAY* FOR THE OLD HENS!"

PROHIBITIVE TERMS. 1901

Tramp. "ELLO, MISTER, WOULD YER MIND GIVIN' ME A LIFT AS FAR AS BRENTFORD? *I 'LL WORK MY PASSAGE.*"

Boathauler. "ORL RIGHT, MATE. TAKE 'OLD O' THE 'ORSE'S 'EAD AN' LEAD!"

UNDER COVER. 1902

"SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, MRS. BAMSBY! AND HOW IS YOUR DEAR HUSBAND? WHERE *IS* THE COLONEL? I WAS ONLY SAYING THE OTHER DAY, 'I WONDER WHEN I SHALL SEE COLONEL BAMSBY!'"

Mrs. Colonel B. "YOU 'LL SEE HIM *NOW*, MY DEAR, IF I JUST STEP ASIDE, OR YOU WALK ROUND ME."

A CHOICE OF EVILS. 1901

Parson. "WHY, JOHN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"

John. "IT BE TOO WET TO WORK, ZUR."

Parson "WELL, IF IT 'S TOO WET TO WORK, WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME?"

John. "WULL, MY OLD 'OOMAN, SHE DO JAW SO!"

Pall Mall 1902

THE PATRIOTS. 1902

"WHAT D'YER CALL THE NEW BABY, AURELIA?"
"PEACE!"

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Nurse. "DO YOU REMEMBER WHERE GOOD BOYS GO, MASTER LUCIEN?"

Master Lucien. "YES."

Nurse. "AND DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GO THERE IF YOU GO ON BEING NAUGHTY AND DISOBEDIENT LIKE THIS?"

Master Lucien. "OH, WELL, I'VE BEEN TO THE ZOO AN' THE PANTOMIME, AND AFTER ALL I CAN'T EXPECT TO GO EVERYWHERE."

BRIGHT BOY. 1900

Tutor. "YOU KNOW, OF COURSE, THAT IN CHRISTIAN COUNTRIES SUCH AS OURS, A MAN IS ONLY ALLOWED ONE WIFE. NOW, WHAT IS THAT STATE OF THINGS CALLED?" *Pupil.* "I KNOW. *MONOTONY!*"

UNREASONABLE. 1900

Policeman (to slightly sober individual, who is wobbling about in the road amongst the traffic).

"COME, OLD MAN, WALK ON THE PAVEMENT."

Slightly Sober Individual. "*PAVEMENT!* WHO DO YOU TAKE ME FOR? *BLONDIN?*"

A POSER. 1900

"MOTHER, DO OUR HENS HAVE TO COME ALL THIS WAY FOR THEIR EGGS, OR IS THERE A NEARER SHOP?"

HIS BITTER HALF. 1904

John. "DRINK 'EARTY, MARIA. DRINK WERRY NIGH 'ARF!"

DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE.

Hostess (to new Curate). "WE SEEM TO BE TALKING OF NOTHING BUT HORSES, MR. SOOTHEM. ARE YOU MUCH OF A SPORTSMAN?"
Curate. "REALLY, LADY BETTY, I DON'T THINK I OUGHT TO SAY THAT I AM. I USED TO COLLECT BUTTERFLIES; BUT I HAVE TO GIVE UP EVEN *THAT* NOW!"

AT OUR OPENING MEET. 1903

Stranger from over the water. "I GUESS YOU 'VE A MIGHTY SMART BUNCH OF DOGS THERE, M'LORD!"
Noble but crusty M.F.H. "THEN YOU GUESS WRONG, SIR. *THIS IS A PACK OF HOUNDS!*"

IN A STRANGE LAND.

SCENE.—The Fens (far from a hunting district), where hounds have come to try for a reputed poultry ravager.

Yokel (who has never seen a pack before). "YOU 'VE GOTTEN A SIGHT OF DOGS THERE, MISTER. WHAT A MESS OF FOXES IT MUST WANT TO FEED 'EM ALL!"

QUITE A HOLIDAY "PER SE."

"O WOMAN, IN OUR HOURS OF EASE!"

"POOR SOUL, 'E DO LOOK LONELY ALL BY 'ISSELF! AIN'T YOU GLAD YOU 'VE GOT US WITH YOU, 'ENRY?"

AN EXCELLENT REASON. 1902

Boy (to young lady, who has been unfortunate enough to upset Colonel Bunker). "YOU 'D BETTER RIDE ON BEFORE 'E GETS 'IS BREATH, MISS!"

Young Lady. "WHY?" *Boy.* "*I 'VE 'EARD 'IM PLAY GOLF!!!*"

NAUTICAL.

Parson. "YES, ON ONE OCCASION I MARRIED FOUR COUPLES IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR. QUICK WORK, WASN'T IT?"
Nautical Young Lady. "YES, RATHER! SIXTEEN KNOTS AN HOUR!"

THE MISSING LETTER.

Angler (after landing his tenth—reading notice). "THE MAN WHO WROTE THAT SIGN COULDN'T HAVE BEEN USING THE RIGHT BAIT!"

DELAY OF DE LAST MINSTREL.

(Study in Black and White.)

A QUESTION OF TEMPERAMENT.

"WHAT *HAVE* YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOUR NICE NEW SUIT?"

"I'VE BEEN PLAYING IN THE GARDEN—PRETENDING I WAS A LITTLE BOY IN MISCHIEF."

"WELL, I'M VERY ANGRY WITH YOU. YOU NEVER SEE HERBERT DO THINGS LIKE THAT."

"NO. HE HASN'T THE 'MAGINATION I HAVE!"

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

Mother. "GEORGIE, I TOLD YOU TO SAY 'NO,' IF THEY OFFERED YOU CAKE A THIRD TIME."

Georgie. "SO I DID, MAMMA. ONLY THEY OFFERED IT ME THE FOURTH TIME, AND YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THE FOURTH TIME!"

THE LAST RESOURCE.

"I SAY OLD CHAP WOULD YOU MIND BRINGING YOUR FIDDLE DOWN TO OUR BICYCLE GYMKHANA, TO PLAY FOR THE MUSICAL CHAIRS, IN CASE THE BAND DOESN'T TURN UP? OF COURSE I SHALL DO MY *VERY* BEST TO GET THE BAND."

THE SLOCUM MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Amateur Violoncellist. "WHAT'S THE NEXT PIECE IN THE PROGRAMME?"
Neighbour. "SOUSINI'S ORCHESTRAL FANTASIA, 'NIGHT AMONG THE PYRAMIDS!'"
A. V. (much taken aback). "WHY, SIR, I'VE JUST *PLAYED* THAT!"

A LAPSE OF MEMORY. 1902

"MRS. BABBLE TOLD ME *SUCH* A DELICIOUS SECRET THE OTHER DAY; OF COURSE IT HADN'T TO GO ANY FARTHER. SO STUPID OF ME, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS NOW. IT *IS* SO TIRESOME AS YOU *WOULD* SO ENJOY IT!"

MAKING A MESS OF IT. 1902

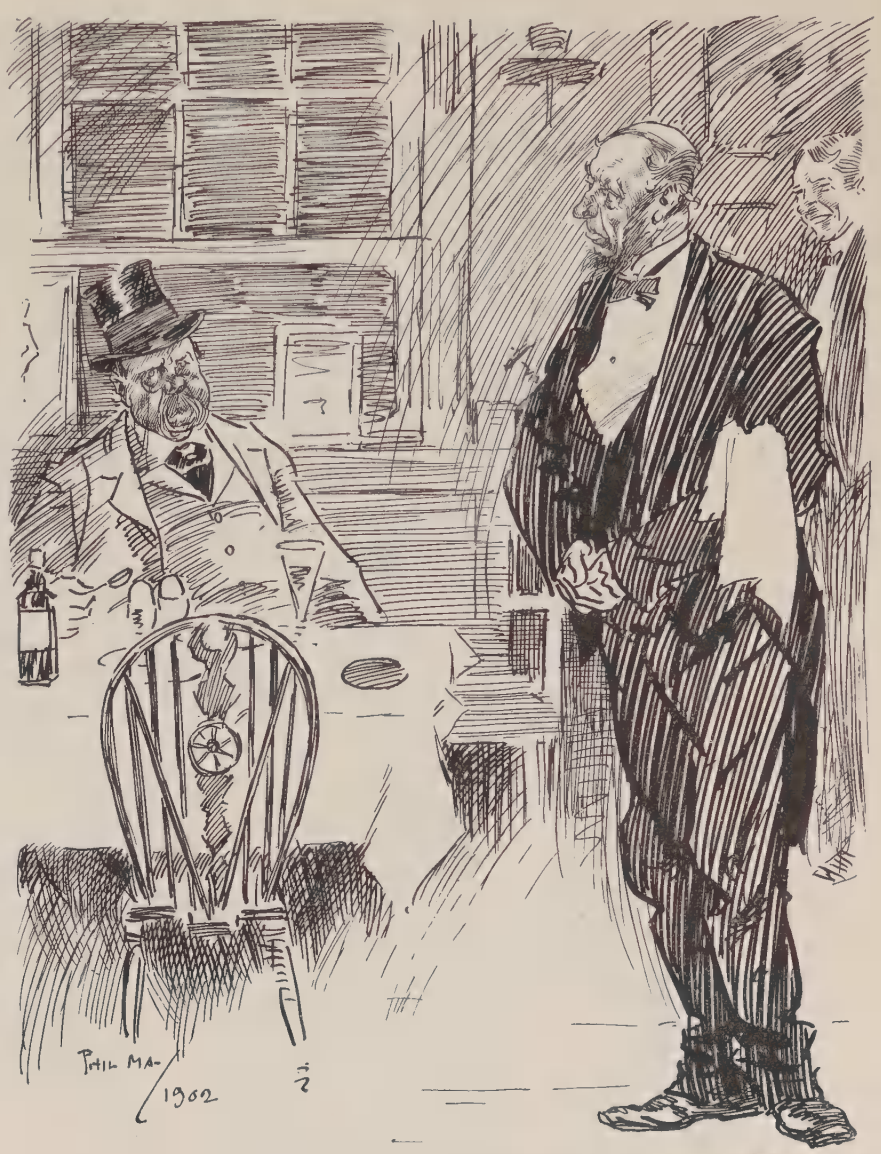
He. "THE LAST TIME I PLAYED FOOTBALL, I REMEMBER MY FACE GOT SO KNOCKED ABOUT—WASN'T LIKE A FACE AT ALL IN FACT—I THOUGHT IT NEVER WOULD GET BETTER."

She. "AND DID IT? I MEAN—ER—OF COURSE I *SEE* IT DIDN'T—ER—ER—I MEAN——"

A TELEPHONIC DANGER. 1904

Paterfamilias (who has just rung up the call-office, and has his attention diverted by his little daughter). "HULLO, DEAR, COMING TO KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT?"

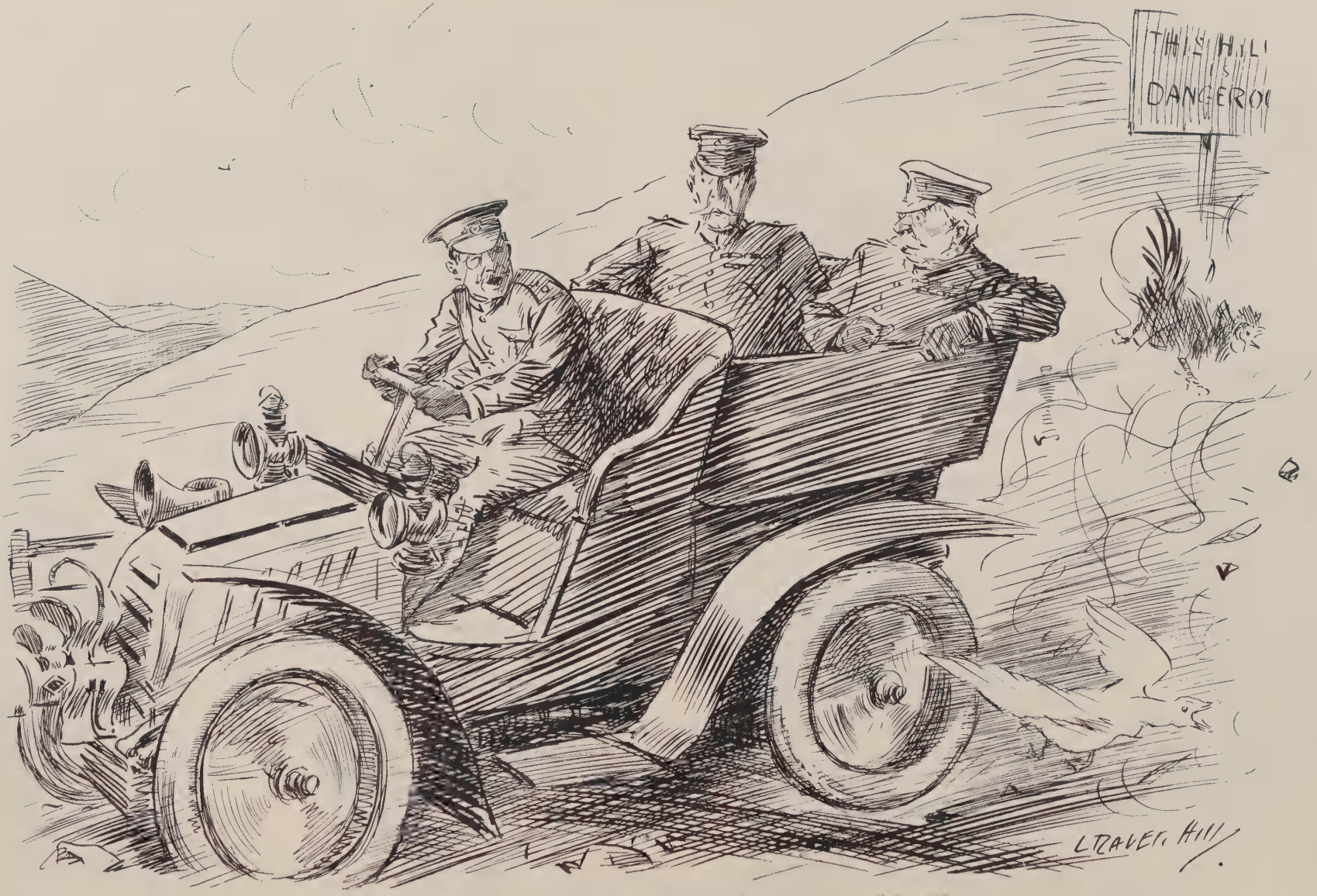
Voice of female Telephone Clerk (severely). "I BEG YOUR PARDON?"



PREPARED FOR THE WORST. 1904

Irate Individual. "CONFOUND IT, WAITER, DIDN'T I TELL YOU I WAS IN A HURRY, AND ONLY WANTED *ONE* EGG? WHY THE DICKENS DID YOU BRING ME *TWO?*"

Waiter (rather hurt). "I THOUGHT, AS YOU WAS IN A HURRY SIR, I'D BRING TWO, 'COS ONE OF EM MIGHT BE BAD!"



THE PERILS OF MIMIC WAR.

Motor Lieutenant, Motor Volunteer Corps (to General in his charge). "I SAY, SIR, IF WE"—*(bump!)*—"UPSET"—*(bang!)*—"SHALL I GET"—*(bump! bang!)*—"A MILITARY FUNERAL, TOO?"

LOGIC.

Stout Party. 'WHAT! NO ROOM! AIN'T THAT MAN JUST GOT OUT? IF PEOPLE CAN GET OUT, PEOPLE CAN GET IN!"

THRIFT! 1902

Mabel (who has just concluded a bargain for a fowl). "THEN I'LL TELL MOTHER YOU'LL KILL IT AND SEND IT UP TO-NIGHT."

Mrs. Macfarlane. "NA, NA, I'LL NO KILL IT TILL THE MORN. I'M THINKIN' IT'S GOIN' TO LAY AN EGG THIS EVENIN'!"

HARD TO PLEASE. 1902

Nurse (who has been many hours on duty—to patient's mother). "WHEN DO YOU THINK I SHALL BE ABLE TO GO TO BED?"

Patient's Mother. "GO TO BED? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A TRAINED NURSE!"

APPROPRIATE.

Jones (who has accidentally sat on his Wife's new Hat) warbles—

"I'M SITTING ON THE STYLE, MARY."

TO SUIT ALL TASTES.

Scientific and Nervous Visitor at Country Hotel. "I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO 'PTOMAINE' IN THIS PIE?"

Waiter (quite equal to the occasion). "NO, SIR. WE NEVER PUTS THAT IN UNLESS SPECIALLY ORDERED!"

AT THE R.A. 1902

First Painter. "I'VE JUST BEEN SHOWING MY AUNT ROUND. MOST AMUSING. INVARIABLY PICKS OUT THE WRONG PICTURES TO ADMIRE AND DENOUNCES THE GOOD ONES!"
Second Painter. "DID SHE SAY ANYTHING ABOUT MINE?" *First Painter.* "OH, SHE LIKED YOURS!"

SOME DISTINCTIONS AND A DIFFERENCE.

Hostess has just been showing Guest the Picture Gallery and other glories of the ancient Baronial Halls, at the same time discoursing of the family greatness.

Guest (pointing to row of Busts). "AND ARE THESE CELEBRITIES, OR JUST RELATIONS?"

A REPROBATE. 1924

Teacher. "WELL, TOM, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

Tom. "PLEASE, M, I'M GOING TO THE BAND OF 'OPE"

Teacher. "AND IS LITTLE WILLIE GOING TOO? OR IS HE TOO YOUNG TO BELONG TO THE BAND OF HOPE?"

Tom. "NO, 'M, IT'S NOT THAT; BUT HE AIN'T A TEETOTALLER!"

THE RULING PASSION.

Young Squire. "WELL, YOU CAN'T COMPLAIN OF THE WEATHER *THIS* YEAR. YOU'VE HAD SPLENDID CROPS."
Farmer. "THAT'S TRUE, SIR. THE CROPS BE ALL RIGHT. BUT—THEY'VE TAKEN A TERRIBLE LOT OUT O' THE LAND!"

MEDICAL ADVICE. 1901

Surgeon. "FEET SORE, EH? WHERE DO THEY HURT YOU MOST?"

Private. "WELL, SIR, IT AIN'T SO MUCH WHEN WE'RE ON THE MARCH; BUT WHEN WE'RE 'ALTED IT'S SOMETHIN' DREADFUL, SIR!"

Surgeon. "OH, INDEED! WELL, THE NEXT TIME YOU HALT, YOU JUST MARK TIME!"

"——HE WOULD HAVE SAID." 1903

A beautiful stroke missed! A favourite club broken! No words to bring relief!

American Friend (in the background, after a long pause). "WA'AL, BROWN, I GUESS THAT'S THE MOST PROFANE SILENCE I'VE EVER LISTENED TO!"

APPRECIATION.

Sarah (to Sal). "LOR! AIN'T 'E 'ANDY WITH 'IS FEET!"

CONCLUSIVE.

"BILL, CAN YER LEND ME TWOPENCE?"

"WOT A SILLY QUESTION TER ARST! WHY, IF I 'AD TWOPENCE WOT 'UD I BE DOIN' STANDIN' OUTSIDE A PUBLIC 'OUSE!"

DERBY-DAY. DOWN THE ROAD.

MATCHES THAT STRIKE UPON THE BOX.

1904

A MODERN WOMAN. INNOCENCE UP TO DATE. 1904

Small Girl (to man who has been promising circuses, &c.). "YOU *ARE* A DEAR MAN! I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH—MORE THAN ANY OTHER, 'CEPT ONE. YOU SHALL BE MY SECOND HUSBAND!"

WHAT SHE MISSED.

He. "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND PHYLLIS REJECTING ME LAST NIGHT."

She. "NEVER MIND. YOU'LL SOON GET OVER IT."

He. "OH, I'VE GOT OVER IT RIGHT ENOUGH; BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING SO DOOMID SORRY FOR *HER*. I SHAN'T ASK HER AGAIN!"

LOGICAL.

Little Bobby (whose Mamma is very particular, and is always telling him to wash his face and hands). "MUMMY, DEAR! I DO WISH I WAS A LITTLE BLACK BOY."

Mamma. "MY DEAR BOBBY, YOU GENERALLY ARE."

Little Bobby. "OH, I MEAN *REALLY* BLACK. *THEN* YOU WOULDN'T SEE WHEN I WAS DIRTY."

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS? 1901

He. "VERY FUNNY, ISN'T IT?" *She.* "VERY."
He. "OF COURSE YOU UNDERSTAND FRENCH WELL?" *She.* "NOT A WORD."
He. "BUT YOU LAUGH." *She.* "SO DO THE OTHERS."
[*The title of the song is "Personne ne comprend."*

INDISCREET. 1903

Little **Titmuss** *(just told off to take the younger Miss Long into supper, quite forgets which of the two is the younger).* "ER—ER—MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE—ER—OF—ER—TAKING THE LONGER MISS YOUNG—I MEAN—THE LUNGER MISS YONG—THAT IS——" [*Becomes incoherent.*

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT. 1901

Hostess. "PLEASE DON'T LEAVE OFF, MISS JESSOP."

Miss J. "BUT SHAN'T I BORE YOU? IT *IS* POSSIBLE TO HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING, YOU KNOW."

Hostess. "YES; BUT THAT DOESN'T APPLY TO *YOUR* PLAYING!"

THE TABLES TURNED. 1902

Fair Girl (on Sofa, to her neighbour during New Year's Eve Festivity). "HOW DELIGHTFUL IT MUST BE FOR YOU, MRS. FEATHERSTONE, TO HEAR ALL THE DEAR PROFESSOR'S LECTURES!"
Mrs. Featherstone. "OH, *I* NEVER HEAR HIS LECTURES. BUT *HE* 'LL HAVE TO HEAR ONE OF *MINE* TO-NIGHT!"

CROSS PURPOSES. 1904

She (thinking of the dogs). "UGLY LITTLE THINGS, AREN'T THEY?"

He (alluding to the children). "OH, I WOULDN'T GO AS FAR AS *THAT.* BUT PERHAPS IF YOU DRESSED THEM DIFFERENTLY——"

NOT QUITE HER MEANING. 1904

The Vicar's Daughter. "I'M GLAD TO FIND YOU'VE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF, MUGGLES, AND DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY AT THE PUBLIC-HOUSE."

Muggles. "YES, MISS, I HAVE IT IN BY THE BARREL NOW, AND THAT *DO* COME CHEAPER!"

HOW THE "BLACK LIST" AFFECTS OUR ARTIST.

Old Woman (who has been asked to pose as a model). "SO YOU 'RE A HARTIST, WHAT? WELL, JUST LOOK [redacted] 'ERE A MINUTE· AN' GIVE ME YOUR CANDID OPINION OF MY LATEST PHOTOGRAPHT."

SO VERY CONSCIENTIOUS! 1903

Master of the House. "WHY, JENKINS, WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?"

Butler (with great deliberation). "WELL, SHIR—IF YOU PLEASHE, SIR—ITSH NOT QUITE *MY* FAULT. YOU TOLD ME TO TASTE EVERY BOTTLE OF WINE BEFORE DINNER, [redacted] CASHE ONE SHOULD BE CORKED. I 'VE ONLY CARRIED OUT IN-SHTRUCSHUNS."

LABELLED! 1902

WITH THE NAKED EYE. 1902

Flashly. "IF I CALL ON YOUR PEOPLE THIS AFTERNOON, DO YOU THINK THEY 'LL BE ABLE TO *SEE* ME?"

A PARTIAL ECLIPSE.

Small Boy (who is somewhat cramped for room). "ARE YOU STILL THERE, BILLY? I THOUGHT YOU WOS LOST."

TENDER SOLICITUDE.

Mabel (stroking kitten, a new present). "MOTHER, KITTY 'S SO HOT! OUGHT SHE TO SIT SO NEAR THE FIRE?" *(Kitten purrs.)* "OH, MOTHER, LISTEN! SHE'S BEGINNING TO BOIL!"

AN AMBIGUOUS COMPLIMENT.

Miss Beekley. "I'M SO GLAD *I'M* NOT AN HEIRESS, MR. SOPER. I SHOULD NEVER KNOW WHETHER MY SUITORS WERE ATTRACTED BY MYSELF OR MY MONEY."
Mr. Soper. "OH, MISS BEEKLEY, YOUR MIRROR SHOULD LEAVE YOU IN NO DOUBT ON THAT SCORE!"

GOOD INTENTIONS.

Fair Visitor (to new Curate, who has lamed himself falling over a croquet hook). "GOOD-BYE, MR. PERCIVAL, I'M *SO* GLAD TO SEE YOU UP, AND NEXT TIME I CALL *I HOPE TO FIND YOU OUT.*"

PRACTICAL.

He. "WHAT I FEEL FOR YOU, MURIEL, I CAN NEVER TELL YOU IN WORDS. TRUE LOVE IS SILENT."
Muriel. "OH, NO, I ASSURE YOU. IT SPEAKS TO PAPA."

CHURCH PATRONAGE.

Englishwoman. "HAVE YOU BEEN TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY YET?"
Fair American. "NO; BUT I HEAR IT *HIGHLY SPOKEN OF!*"

BE CALM.

Fond Mother (at the Corporation Ball given in honour of the Earl of Lumpkey. "SO SORRY, MR. PRYM, BUT I MUST ASK YOU TO EXCUSE MY DAUGHTER. SHE IS KEEPING HERSELF COOL TO DANCE WITH HIS LORDSHIP!"

OUR YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS.

Thoughtful Boy (*contemplating infant sister, and dimly groping after the mystery of the origin of existence*). "BUT, MUMMY, SHE *MUST* HAVE WASN'T BEFORE SHE WAS. DIDN'T SHE?"

THE CHAMPION.

Nurse. "LISTEN, BABY, TO THE DONKEY BRAYING. WHAT A NOISE HE IS MAKING! NAUGHTY DONKEY."

Little Girl. "OH, WHAT A SHAME, NURSE! HE ISN'T A NAUGHTY DONKEY. HE'S ONLY GOT THE HICCOUPS!"

PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

De Smythe. "SHE WAS THE UGLIEST WOMAN I EVER MET—ER—ER—PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED, OF COURSE!"

PUTTING THE OTHER FOOT IN IT.

Mother. "ETHEL IS THE VERY IMAGE OF WHAT I WAS AT HER AGE."

He. "REALLY! I SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT IT POSSIBLE!"

Mother (coldly). "MAY I ASK WHY?"

He (seeing his error, and striving to rectify it). "OH—ER—I WAS FORGETTING WHAT *A LONG TIME AGO* THAT MUST HAVE BEEN!"

DISTINCTION WITHOUT DIFFERENCE.

Sensitive Golfer (who has foozled). "DID YOU LAUGH AT ME, BOY?"
Caddie. "NO, SIR; I WIS LAUGHIN' AT ANITHER MAN."
Sensitive Golfer. "AND WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT HIM?"
Caddie. "HE PLAYS GOWF AWFU' LIKE YOU, SIR!"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Youth (to gentleman about to go for a drive). "ULLO, OLD MAN! THEY FORGOT TO BURN YOU ON THE FIFTH, THEN!"

THE INFERENCE.

Giles (who has been rendering "first aid" to wrecked motor-cyclist). "NAW, MARM, I DOAN'T THINK AS 'E BE A MARRIED MAN, 'COS 'E SAYS *THIS* BE THE WORST THING WOT 'AS EVER 'APPENED TO UN!"

A GOOD DAY'S SPORT.

Mr. Easytime (to Sweep). "'ULLO, WILLYUM, BEEN 'UNTIN'?"
Sweep. "YUSS, AN' GOT THE BRUSH TOO!"

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Extract from a Boy's Letter to a Friend. "GROWN-UPS ARE ROTTERS! THE MATER'S GOT A CROWD OF PEOPLE STAYING HERE, AND I GOT UP A GAME OF HOCKEY FOR THEM THE OTHER DAY. FIVE MINUTES SETTLED THEM. THEY HADN'T A BREATH AMONG 'EM!"

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Shepherd. "MON, SANDY, HE 'S GOT NAE FLEE ON THE END O' THE LINE."

Sandy (sotto voce). "HAUD YER TONGUE, MON! HE DOES NAE KEN, AND HE 'S BETTER WITHOOT IT. HE WAS AYE CATCHIN' HISSELF AND ITHER TRASH!"

POP! POP!

(*SCENE—Restaurant in Switzerland.*)

Tourist (to Manager, who knows English). "THERE ARE TWO BOTTLES OF WINE IN OUR BILL. WE HAD ONLY ONE BOTTLE."

Manager. "ACH, HE IS A NEW WAITER, AND ZEE CONFOUNDED ECHO OF ZEE MOUNTAIN MUST HAVE DECEIVED ZEE GARÇON."

TRUTH AT ALL HAZARDS.

Footinitt (energetically helping at Bazaar). "WON'T YOU PUT IN FOR A RAFFLE FOR THIS CUSHION?"

Visitor. "OH, NO, THANKS."

Footinitt. "OF COURSE IT'S RATHER USELESS AND GAUDY, AND SO FORTH AND PERSONALLY I THINK THE DESIGN 'S ROTTEN. BUT *DO* PUT IN FOR IT."

Visitor. "NO, THANKS. I MADE IT!"

PROFESSIONAL PARTNERSHIP.

Village Organ-blower (to Lady Organist, who has been trying a new voluntary).

"HOW DID IT GO MARM?"

"OH, ALL RIGHT. WHY DO YOU ASK?"

"WELL, MARM, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I WAS A BIT NERVOUS ABOUT IT. YOU SEE, MARM, I'VE NEVER BLOWED FOR THAT PIECE AFORE!"

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"ONE HUNDRED PENNY CIGARS. THAT WILL BE EIGHT-AND-FOURPENCE, PLEASE, MADAM."

"THANK YOU. NOW WILL YOU JUST PUT THEM IN A FLOR DE CUBA BOX; BECAUSE THAT'S THE ONLY SORT MY HUSBAND REALLY CARES FOR!"

DIFFICULT TO PLEASE. 1901

Aunt. "BUT WHY WON'T YOU DANCE WITH SYLVIA, BOBBY?"

Bobby. "OH, I *CAN'T* DANCE WITH HER. SHE'S GOT SUCH A 'NORMOUS WAIST!"

BREAKING THE NEWS.

Newly Affianced One. "MAY I BE YOUR NEW MAMMA, TOMMY?"
Tommy. "I SHOULD LIKE IT, BUT YOU MUST ASK PAPA?"

AN ART PATRON.

"I'LL HAVE IT IF YOU SHORTEN THE 'ORIZON, AND MAKE IT QUIDS INSTEAD OF GUINEAS!"

TRAGIC.

Conversationalist. "DO YOU PLAY PING-PONG?"
Actor. "NO. I PLAY *HAMLET!*"

"ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS."

Imperial Yeoman. "MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU WOULD PICK UP MY SWORD FOR ME."

"WHEN I FIRST PUT THIS UNIFORM ON."

Second Lieutenant Softly (vainly endeavouring to master the intricacies of his new "Sam Browne" equipment. "WISH I'D GOT THAT TAILOR FELLOW TO SHOW ME HOW THE INFERNAL THING IS PUT ON!"

A GOLF TOURNAMENT IN YE TIME OF YE ROMANS.

From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.

A POPULAR SEA-SIDE RESORT OF THE ROMAN PERIOD.

AT A DISADVANTAGE. 1903

Lady Visitor (at Work-girls' Club, giving some advice on manners). "AND YOU KNOW LADIES NEVER SPEAK TO GENTLEMEN WITHOUT AN INTRODUCTION."

'Liza. "WE KNOWS YER DON'T, MISS, AN' WE OFFEN PITIES YER!"

A TRIFLE MIXED. 1904

"WHY, PRUDENCE, WHERE'S DICKIE? IS THIS A NEW SWEETHEART?"—"NOT SO VERY NEW NEITHER, MISS. IT BE THIS WAY. I BE COURTING SAMUEL, BUT DICK BE COURTING I."

A FAILURE.

Farmer. "WELL, GEORGE, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU ON THAT THERE BICYCLE AS YOU BOUGHT LATELY?"

George. "NO, FARMER. HE BEAN'T NO GOOD TO I. HE *CAN'T* FIND HIS WAY 'OME, AN' HE *WON'T* CARRY CIDER!"

A POINT OF VIEW.

"ENGAGED TO JACK! WHY, YOU'RE THE FOURTH GIRL HE'S BEEN ENGAGED TO THIS SUMMER."

"WELL, DON'T YOU THINK THERE MUST BE SOMETHING VERY ATTRACTIVE ABOUT A MAN WHO CAN GET ENGAGED TO FOUR GIRLS IN ABOUT TWO MONTHS?"

HIBERNIAN.

Irish Bag Carrier (commenting on the crack shot of the party). "SURE, THIN, AND I DO NOT THINK MUCH AV HIM! IVERY LOT O' BIRDS HE'LL BE AFTHER FIRIN' BOTH BARRELS OF HIS GUN, AND DIVIL A ONE HE KILLS BUT TWO!"

SHORT WORK.

Master of Beagles. "GOOD GRACIOUS, YOU'VE SHOT THE HUNTED HARE, YOU FOOL!"
Old Stubbles. "FOOL! WHO BE THE FOOL, MAISTER? YOU BE CHASIN' 'ER ALL DAY WI' ALL THEM SPOTTED DOGS, AND AIN'T KILLED 'ER, AND I KILLS 'ER WI' ONE BARREL!"

HARD TO PLEASE.

Rector. "YOU 'VE HAD A FINE CROP THIS YEAR, MR. GILES."

Giles. "AH, THE BEST CROP O' HAY AS WE 'VE HAD THIS FIFTEEN YEAR!"

Rector. "WELL, IT 'S A PLEASURE TO MEET SOMEONE WHO HASN'T ANYTHING TO GRUMBLE ABOUT."

Giles. "I DOAN'T GO SO VAR AS *THAT*, 'E KNOW. WHY I HAIN'T GOT A MOSSEL O' BAD HAY TO VEED THE DRY COWS WI'!"

SNUB FOR A SNOB.

English Tourist. "AW—THAT BUTTERMILK WAS VERY NICE, MY DEAR. WHAT PAYMENT DO YOU EXPECT FOR IT?"

Cottage Girl. "WE WOULDN'T BE AFTER ASKING ANY PAYMENT. SURE WE *GIVE* IT TO THE PIGS!"

HINTS TO BEGINNERS. 1900

IF YOU MUST RIDE IN THE LOCAL HUNT RACES, DON'T ENCOURAGE THE OBJECT OF YOUR AFFECTIONS TO BRING HER CAMERA DOWN TO THE WATER-JUMP.

SOUR GRAPES.

First Scorcher. "CALL *THAT* EXERCISE?"
Second Scorcher. "NO. *I* CALL IT SITTING IN A DRAUGHT!"

THE REASON WHY.

The Vicar. "I HAVE NOT SEEN YOUR HUSBAND AT CHURCH LATELY, MRS. MURPHY."
Mrs. Murphy. "WELL, SIR, I'M SORRY TO SAY AS MY OLD MAN IS *ENJOYING* VERY BAD 'EALTH AT PRESENT!"

GALLANTRY IN THE GUTTER.

Vendor of Cheap Music. "'ERE Y' ARE, LIDY! *I'LL BE YER SWEET'ART.'* ONE PENNY!"

ALL IN HIS DAY'S WORK.

"SURE, TERENCE, IF YEZ GO TO THE FRONT, KAPE AT THE BACK, OR YE'LL BE KILT, OI KNOW UT!"

"FAITH, AN' ISN'T THAT THE WAY OI GET MY LIVIN'?"

AN IRISH BULL.

"SURE, PAT, AND WHAT ARE YE WEARIN' YE'R COAT BUTTONED UP LOIKE THAT ON A WARM DAY LOIKE THIS?"

"FAITH, YE'R RIVERENCE, TO HOIDE THE SHIRT OI HAVEN'T GOT ON!"

A FELLOW-FEELING.

District Visitor. "I'VE JUST HAD A LETTER FROM MY SON REGGIE, SAYING HE HAS WON A SCHOLARSHIP. I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW DELIGHTED I AM. I——"

Rustic Party. "I CAN UNDERSTAND YER FEELINGS, MUM. I FELT JUST THE SAME WHEN OUR PIG WON A MEDAL AT THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW!"

"THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH FOR THE STAR."

Mistress. "AND YOU DARE TO TELL ME, BELINDA, THAT YOU HAVE ACTUALLY ANSWERED A *THEATRICAL ADVERTISEMENT?* HOW *COULD* YOU BE SUCH A *WICKED* GIRL?"
Belinda (whimpering). "WELL, MUM,—*OTHER* YOUNG LIDIES—GOW ON THE—STIGE—WHY SHOULDN'T I GOW?"

THE DOG KNEW HIM. 1902

Farmer. "WHERE'S YOUR DOG, DONALD?"

Donald. "SOLD HIM IN THE MARKET TO-DAY."

Farmer (indignantly). "YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO SELL HIM; SUCH A GOOD, USEFUL DOG! SEE TO GETTING HIM BACK AT ONCE."

Donald. "HOOT, MON, DINNA FASH YERSEL'. TA PEASTIE KNOWS ME VERRA WEEL; I HAVE SOLD HIM MONY TIMES BEFORE!"

A REFLECTION ON THE CLOTH. 1901

Visitor to Country Town (who has been shown over the Church). "AND HOW LONG HAS YOUR PRESENT VICAR BEEN HERE?"

Sexton. "MR. MOLD, SIR, HAS BEEN THE *INCUMBRANCE* HERE, SIR, FOR NIGH ON FORTY YEAR, SIR!"

A TRYING MOMENT. 1904

Doris. "OH, JACK, HERE COME THOSE SELLERBY GIRLS; DO SHOW THEM HOW BEAUTIFULLY YOU CAN PUNT."

THE RULING PASSION.

Sporting Tradesman (after a fall, feeling in his pocket). "CASH ALL RIGHT, ANYWAY!"

NO PLEASING EVERYBODY. 190

Keeper (to Beater). "WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE? WHY DON'T YE GO AND SPREAD YOURSELF OUT?"
Beater. "ZO I WERE SPREAD OUT, AND T'OTHER MAN 'E TOLD I, I WERE TOO WIDE!"

UNSUBSTANTIAL.

"I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOU'VE BEEN AILING AGAIN, JOHN. I MUST SEND YOU DOWN SOMETHING FROM THE RECTORY. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE SOME SOUP?"
"THANKY KINDLY, MUM—BUT I B'AIN'T SO TERR'BLE WRAPPED UP IN SOUP!"

MARK TAPLEY AT SEA.

Enthusiastic Skipper. "AHA! MY BOY! YOU CAN'T DO THIS SORT OF THING ON SHORE!"

THE LAST STRAW.

Misguided "Comic" Man. "I WILL NOW SING MY CELEBRATED SONG, ENTITLED 'A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE!'"

A DIFFICULT TASK.

"JACK, DEAR, I DO WISH YOU WOULD GET ANOTHER PHOTO TAKEN."

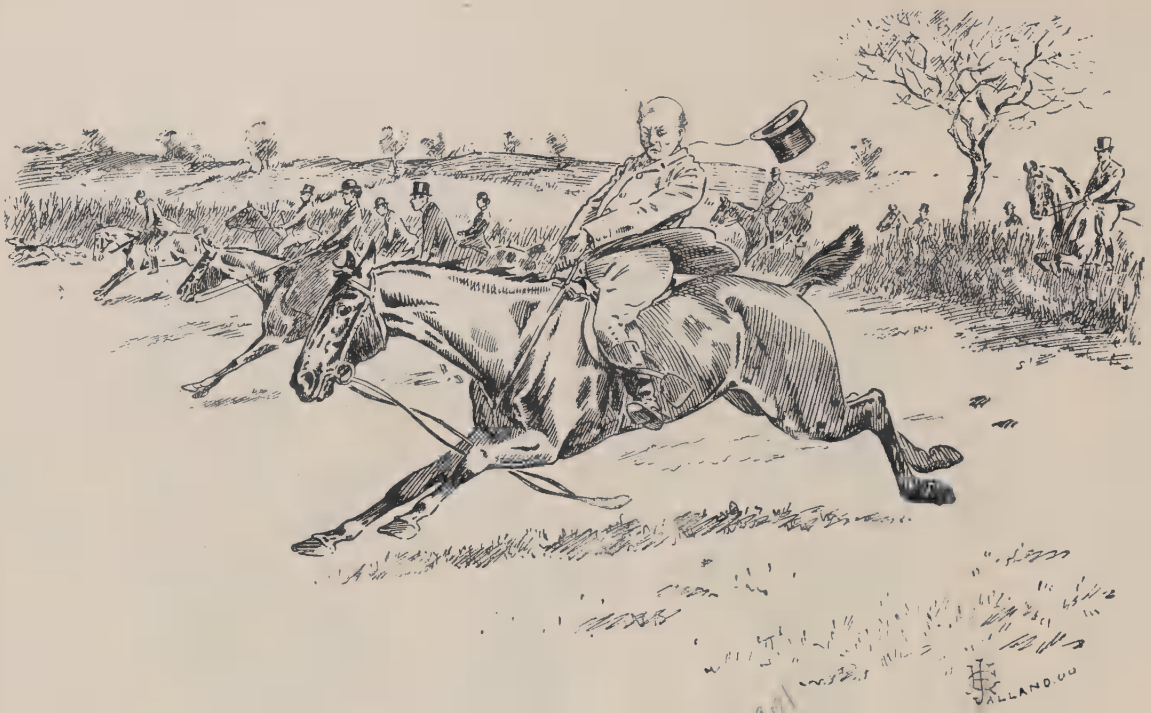
"HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU I WILL NOT?"

"BUT WHY NOT?" (*Then, thoughtfully, after a pause.*) "ARE YOU AFRAID OF BEING ASKED TO LOOK PLEASANT?"

A PROMISING PROSPECT.

Adolphus. "I SAY, HARRY, OLD BOY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MISS BELSIZE? IT'S HER FIRST SEASON."

Harry (who thinks himself a bit of a wag). "WELL, IF THIS IS HER FIRST SEASON, WHAT *WILL* SHE BE NEXT YEAR?"



EASILY SATISFIED.

Gent (who all but dissolved partnership at the last Fence). "THANK GOODNESS I'VE GOT HOLD OF THE REINS AGAIN! IF I COULD BUT GET MY FOOT INTO THAT CONFOUNDED STIRRUP, I SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT!"

TROUBLES OF THE TAXIMETER.

Jack (stopping taximeter hansom). "'OLD 'ARD, MATE! WE AIN'T A-GOIN' TO SAIL WITH OUR FLAG 'ARF-MAST. THERE AIN'T ANY OF US DEAD ABOARD 'ERE, NOT BY A LONG CHALK!"

LEAVING THE FIELD.

M. F. H. "HOLD HARD! HOLD HARD, PLEASE!! WHERE *ARE* YOU GOING WITH THAT BRUTE?"
Diana (plaintively). "I WISH I KNEW!"

OVERDOING IT.

Dealer (exasperated by questions). "QUIET? WELL BROKE? 'E'LL ANSWER THE DOOR AND WAIT AT TABLE. FACT O' THE MATTER IS, I SHOULDN'T SELL 'IM, BUT 'E WON'T MIND THE BABY WEN MY MISSUS IS OUT."

ART IN THE HOME.

Small Customer (to general store-dealer). "MOTHER SAYS AS WOULD YOU MIND WRAPPING UP THE KIPPER IN A HILLUSTRATED PAPER, AS HER WALLS ARE GETTING *VERY* BARE."

THE TRADE UNIONIST.

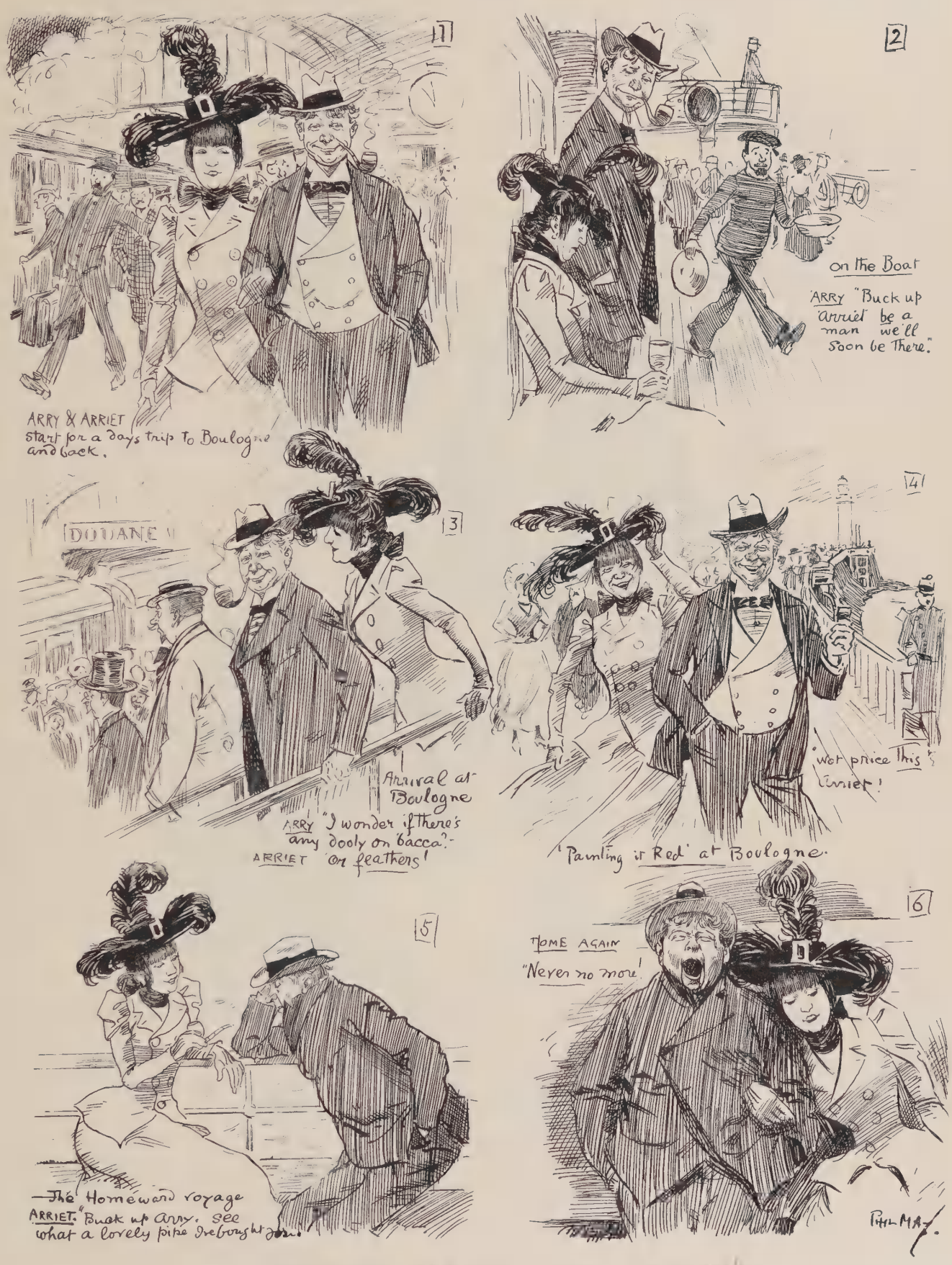
First Workman. "WOT'S IT SAY, BILL, ON THAT OLD SUN-DIAL?"
Second Workman (reading deliberately). "IT SAYS, 'DO—TO—DAY'S—WORK—TO-DAY.'"
First W. "'*DO TWO DAYS' WORK TO-DAY!*' WOT O! NOT ME!"

UNGALLANT.

"OI BE EIGHTY-FOIVE, ZUR."

"DEAR ME! YOU DON'T LOOK IT. AND HOW OLD IS YOUR WIFE?"

"OH, SHE BE EIGHTY-FOIVE TOO. BUT SHE 'VE LOOKED IT FER THE LAST FOWRTY YEAR!"



ARRY'S AND 'ARRIET'S 'OLIDAY TRIP.

HOBSON'S CHOICE. 1903

Auntie. "DO YOU KNOW YOU ARE PLAYING WITH TWO VERY NAUGHTY LITTLE BOYS, JOHNNY?"
Johnny. "YES."
Auntie. "YOU DO! I'M SURPRISED. WHY DON'T YOU PLAY WITH GOOD LITTLE BOYS?"
Johnny. "BECAUSE THEIR MOTHERS WON'T LET THEM!"

OUR PEACEFUL HOME. 1900

"WHAT ON EARTH IS ALL THIS DEAFENING NOISE?"

"IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR. I'VE GIVEN IT TO THEM TO KEEP THEM QUIET!"

THE TAKING WAYS OF GENIUS. 1907

"I SHALL BE DELIGHTED TO PLAY ONE OF MY LATEST NOCTURNES, DEAR MISS ETHELBERTA. BUT MAY I BEG AN ESPECIAL FAVOUR—THAT YOU WILL RESERVE YOUR JUDGMENT? I AM SO SENSITIVE, AND AM ALWAYS OVERWHELMED BY *GREAT PRAISE*."

A WASTED COMPLIMENT. 1907

Artist (who has recommended model to a friend). "HAVE YOU BEEN TO SIT TO MR. JONES YET?"

Model. "WELL, I 'VE BEEN TO *SEE* HIM; BUT DIRECTLY I GOT INTO HIS STUDIO, 'WHY,' HE SAID, 'YOU 'VE GOT A HEAD LIKE A BOTTICELLI.' I DON'T KNOW WHAT A BOTTICELLI IS, BUT I DIDN'T GO THERE TO BE CALLED NAMES. SO I COME AWAY!"

COMPLEMENTARY.

Exasperated Amateur Photographer (to girls who have been "rotting" a good deal). "PLEASE KEEP STILL. YOU ARE SPOILING SUCH A CHARMING BACKGROUND."

COMPREHENSIVE.

Owner (as the car starts backing down the hill). "PULL EVERYTHING YOU CAN SEE, AND PUT YOUR FOOT ON EVERYTHING ELSE!"

AT A FANCY BALL. 1902

She. "WHAT ARE YOU?"

He. "I'M AN EXECUTIONER, HENRY THE EIGHTH PERIOD. WHAT DO YOU REPRESENT?"

She. "I'M ANNE BOLEYN."

He. "WELL, LET'S GO DOWN TO SUPPER."

"THE PETTY DONE, THE UNDONE VAST."

Wife (quoting). "A MAN'S WORK 'S FINISHED WITH THE SETTING SUN!
A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE."

Husband (brute). "QUITE RIGHT, MY DEAR. I'VE OFTEN REMARKED THE OMISSION."

SARCASTIC.

Instructor (to almost inaudible Sub. Instructing squad). "NOT QUITE SO MANY OF THESE *CONFIDENTIAL* ORDERS, SIR!"

CHARLEY'S AUNT.

Peppery Colonel (much disgusted with very inferior Private). "GOOD HEAVENS! LOOK AT THAT MAN, MR. HEPBURN. THE MEN THEY GIVE US NOWADAYS ARE A POSITIVE DISGRACE. WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE, SIR?"

Sub. (mildly). "WELL, SIR, HE'S RATHER LIKE AN AUNT OF MINE!"

OUR NURSERY MELODRAMA.

Mildred (aged eight, aside). "AND TO THINK THAT THIS IS THE MAN THAT I HAVE GIVEN UP EVERYTHING FOR! IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR THE DEAR CHILD, I SHOULD HAVE GONE AWAY AND LEFT HIM YEARS AND YEARS AGO!"

OUR THEATRICALS.

The Countess. "WILL THIS CRUEL WAR *NEVER* END? DAY AFTER DAY I WATCH AND WAIT, STRAINING EVERY NERVE TO CATCH THE SOUND OF THE TRUMPET THAT WILL TELL ME OF MY WARRIOR'S RETURN. BUT, HARK! WHAT IS THAT I HEAR?"

[Stage direction.—"Trumpet faintly heard in distance." But we hadn't rehearsed that, and didn't explain the situation quite clearly to the local cornet-player who helped us on the night.

HOPEFUL.

Uncle Mark. "I'M CERTAIN, MAY, THAT BOY OF YOURS IS GOING TO BE A GENIUS.

Proud Mother. "OH, I SHOULD BE SO GLAD! BUT WHY DO YOU THINK SO?"

Uncle Mark. "WELL, HE'S EVIDENTLY GOT THE MAIN QUALIFICATION—AN INFINITE CAPACITY FOR *TAKING PAINS!*"

"C'EST LE PREMIER PAS—!"

Jones (who has decided to go in for the Hercules system) reads—"EXERCISE I. HOLD THE DUMB-BELLS FIRMLY ABOVE THE HEAD, AND, WITHOUT BENDING THE KNEES, INCLINE THE BODY GRADUALLY FORWARD UNTIL THE FINGERS TOUCH THE TOES."

TOO LITERAL.

Doctor. "WELL, MRS. O'BRIEN, I HOPE YOUR HUSBAND HAS TAKEN HIS MEDICINE REGULARLY, EH?"

Mrs. O'Brien. "SURE, THEN, DOCTHOR, I'VE BEEN SORELY PUZZLED. THE LABEL SAYS, 'ONE PILL TO BE TAKEN THREE TIMES A DAY,' AND FOR THE LIFE OF ME I DON'T SEE HOW IT CAN BE TAKEN MORE THAN *ONCE!*"

OUR GLEE SINGERS.

"HERE IN COOL GROT AND MOSSY CELL
WE RURAL FAYS AND FAIRIES DWELL!"

REASSURING HIM.

Nervous Tourist. "STOP, DRIVER, STOP! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG! I AM SURE A WHEEL'S COMING OFF!"
Driver. "ARRAH, BE AISY THEN, YER HONOUR. SURE, IT'S THE SAME ONE'S BEEN COMIN' OFF THIN THESE THREE DAYS BACK!"

AFTER THE FAIR.

Porter. "AN' WHAT THE DIVIL ARE YE DOIN', TYING THAT DONKEY UP THERE?"
Pat (slightly under the influence, taking his new purchase home). "SHURE, AN' I'VE A PERFECT RIGHT TO! HAVEN'T I TAKEN A TICKET FOR THE BASTE!"

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION. 1901

The Widow's Intended. "WELL, TOMMY, HAS YOUR MOTHER TOLD YOU OF MY GOOD FORTUNE?"
Tommy. "NO. SHE ONLY SAID SHE WAS GOING TO MARRY YOU!"

IN WHITEHALL.

"OH! I SAY! 'E 'AS GOT EYES AFTER ALL!"

OVERHEARD IN BOND STREET.

"WHICH OF 'EM WOULD YER 'AVE FOR A MUVVER, BILLY?"

LACKING IN QUANTITY.

Old Lady (giving a very diminutive nip of Whisky to her Gardener). "THERE, DENNIS, THAT WHISKY IS TWENTY YEARS OLD!"

Dennis. "IS IT *THAT*, MARM? SURE 'TIS *MIGHTY SMALL FOR ITS AGE!*"

THE ANCIENT. 1902

"I AM SO GLAD TO SEE YOU ABOUT AGAIN AFTER YOUR LONG ILLNESS, JAKES."
"THANKEE, MARM, THANKEE! BUT I BE THAT OLD, 'TWARN'T 'ARDLY WUTH THE TROUBLE O' GETTIN' WELL."

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

Rustic. "COME NOW, JACK, TELL US 'OW YOU DID FEEL AT THAT THER' PLACE WHERE YOU WAS ALL SO BADLY CUT UP?"
Tommy. "WELL, I'D A GIVEN SUMMAT TO A-KNOWN THE SHORTEST CUT TO WOODBOROUGH!"

A WANT OF TACT.

"OH—ER—I WANT THIS PHOTOGRAPH FRAMED. I WANT IT DONE VERY NICELY, WITH A CREAM MOUNT AND A GOLD——"
"YES, MISS; I UNDERSTAND, MISS; EXACTLY SIMILAR TO THE LAST, MISS."

THE INVASION.

THE PREMISES OF THE JUNIOR SANDOWN CLUB BEING CLOSED FOR THE ANNUAL CLEANING, THE MEMBERS ARE RECEIVED AS GUESTS AT THE MEGATHERIUM.

"RANK BLASPHEMY."

Squire Oldboy, M.H. (enjoying a long and very slow hunt). "THERE SHE GOES! AFRAID IT'S A NEW HARE THOUGH."
Bored Sportsman. "HOW LUCKY! THE OTHER MUST BE GETTING DOOSID OLD."

"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE," &c.

Fair Visitor (*with a thirst for military knowledge*). "SO ALL THE KITCHENS ARE BEHIND THOSE BUILDINGS. HOW VERY INTERESTING! AND HOW MANY POUNDS OF MEAT DO YOUR MEN EAT A DAY?"

Gallant Major. "REALLY—ER—I'VE NO—ER—IDEA, I'M SURE, DON'T Y'KNOW."

Fair Visitor. "BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN THE PROVISIONAL BATTALION!"

FREE AND EASY.

First Workman. "WHY DON'T YER BUY YER *OWN* MATCHES, 'STEAD OF ALWAYS CADGIN' MINE?"

Second Workman. "YOU 'RE UNCOMMON MEAN WITH YER MATCHES. I 'LL JUST TAKE A FEW"—(*helps himself to two-thirds*)—"AND BE HINDERPENDENT OF YER!"

LITERATURE AND LUCRE. 1901

City Magnate. "OF COURSE I DON'T WISH TO STAND IN THE WAY OF MY DAUGHTER'S HAPPINESS, BUT I KNOW SO LITTLE OF YOU, MR. HAWKINS. WHAT IS YOUR VOCATION?"

Mr. Hawkins (airily). "OH, I WRITE—ER—POETRY, NOVELS—ER—PLAYS, AND THAT SORT OF THING."

City Magnate. "INDEED! MOST INTERESTING. AND *HOW DO YOU LIVE?*"

THE AMATEUR. 19

"AND WHO DOES THE VIOLIN BELONG TO, MRS. BROWN?"

"OH, THAT'S ME 'USBAND'S, SIR. 'E WOULDN'T BE 'APPY TILL 'E GOT ONE."

"BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HE COULD PLAY IT."

"OH, NO, SIR, 'E CAN'T. WHY, 'E DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW 'OW TO WIND IT UP YET!"

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

Passenger. "LOOK HERE, STEWARD. IF THIS IS COFFEE, I WANT TEA; BUT IF THIS IS TEA, THEN I WISH FOR COFFEE."

THE YOUNG MISANTHROPE.

Mamma. "I DON'T LIKE YOUR STAYING IN DOORS LIKE THIS, BOBBIE. HAVEN'T YOU ANY LITTLE FRIEND YOU CAN GO OUT AND PLAY WITH?"

Bobbie. "WELL, I HAVE ONE, MUMMIE. BUT I *HATE* HIM."

PRAISE INDEED.

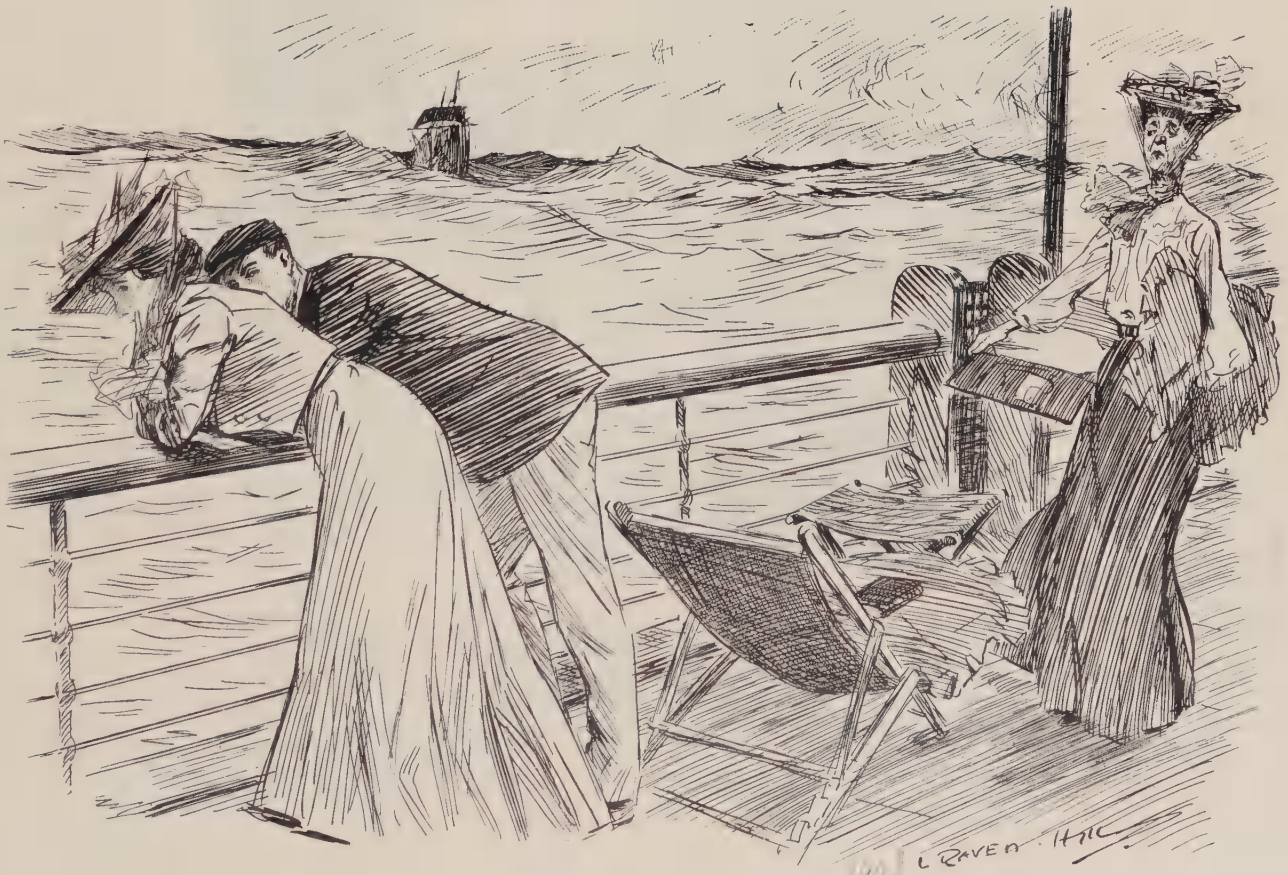
The Oldest Inhabitant (to visitor). "SEE THAT LITTLE FAT FELLER? 'E'S THE 'ARDEST-WORKING O' THE LOT OF 'EM. MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT I SEE 'IM PICKING AWAY IN ONE OR OTHER O' THEM LITTLE SAND-PITS. *'E* NEVER SHIRKS 'EM LIKE SOME O' THE OTHERS."

RESTORED TO FAVOUR.

Householder (having subdued burglar with discarded golf club). "H'M! THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER REALLY LIKED THAT CLEEK!"

NOTES FROM COWES. 1901

"CALL THIS PLEASURE? WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, GIVE ME STAINES AND A FISHING-PUNT!"



NEEDLESS ALARM.

Hardy Spinster. "I REALLY THINK PEOPLE WHO SUFFER FROM *MAL DE MER* OUGHT TO REMAIN IN THEIR CABINS!"

A TALL ORDER.

John P. Hogenheimer (the celebrated pork-packer, U.S.A., who has taken a shooting on "this side").

"SAY, KEEPER, I GUESS WE'LL SHOOT THESE COVERS TO-MORROW."

Keeper. "IT WON'T DO, SIR. THERE'S TOO MUCH LEAF ABOUT YET."

J. P. H. "HAVE 'EM SWEPT UP, THEN. SPARE NO EXPENSE!"

A HUMANE INSTINCT.

Snob (who has been making himself very objectionable). "I SAY, WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR GAME?"

Host. "GIVE MY FRIENDS WHAT THEY WANT, AND SEND THE REST TO MARKET."

Snob. "AH, SELL IT, DO YOU? WITH MY GAME, DON'TYERKNOW, I GIVE MY FRIENDS SOME, AND SEND THE REST TO THE HOSPITALS."

Host. "AND VERY NATURAL AND PROPER, I'M SURE. THE ONLY THING I'VE SEEN YOU SHOOT TO-DAY WAS A BEATER!"

A SUSPECT.

Master. "SHORT RUNNING FOX, WILL. WHERE'S HE MAKING FOR, DO YOU THINK?"
Will (who suspects a bagman). "TRYING TO FIND 'IS WAY 'OME, SIR—LEADEN'ALL MARKET."

TROUBLE AND EXPENSE.

Distinguished Foreigner (to good Samaritan who has caught his horse). "MERCI BIEN, MONSIEUR! YOU SAVE ME MUCH TROUBLE. BEFORE, I LOSE MY HORSE—I LOSE HIM ALTOGETHER, AND I MUST PUT HIM IN THE NEWSPAPER!"

A PATERNAL EXAMPLE.

Uncle George (who has been helping himself to a seat). "I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE TAKEN UP PAINT SO SUCCESSFULLY, MY BOY. AND, IF I WERE IN YOUR PLACE, I'D STICK TO IT FOR ALL I WAS WORTH!"

A HOME THRUST.

Little Girl. "OH, FATHER, DO LOOK AT THIS POOR OLD TRAMP! DON'T YOU FEEL SORRY FOR HIM?"
Her Father. "AH, MY DEAR, THOSE PEOPLE ARE NOT ALWAYS TO BE PITIED AS MUCH AS YOU WOULD THINK. VERY OFTEN THEY MIGHT *WORK*, BUT WON'T."
Little Girl (thoughtfully, after a pause). "WON'T THEY EVEN BE ARTISTS, FATHER?"

NOT TO BE BEATEN. 1907

Tourist. "HAVE YOU NOT GOT SCOTCH WHISKEY?"

Waiter (in an Irish Hotel). "NO, SORR, WE DON'T KAPE IT. AND THEM AS DOES ONLY USES IT TO WATER DOWN OUR OWN!"

PERSEVERING WITH THE TREATMENT.

Steward. "THIS 'ERE 'S A NICE CURE FOR SEA SICKNESS! THIS IS THE FOURTEENTH BRANDY AND SODA I 'VE TAKEN TO 91 THIS MORNING!"

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Father. "WHY, WHAT A LITTLE WOMAN SHE 'S GETTING!"
Mother. "YES, A VERY EXPENSIVE YOUNG LADY. SHE GROWS OUT OF ALL HER FROCKS."
Dorothy. "MAMMA 'S EXPENSIVE TOO. SHE 'S GROWN OUT OF *HER* PRETTY FROCK!"

OLD FRIENDS.

He. "DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR OLD SCHOOL-FRIEND, SOPHY SMYTHE?"
She. "YES, INDEED, I DO. A MOST ABSURD-LOOKING THING. SO SILLY TOO! WHAT BECAME OF HER?"
He. "OH, NOTHING. ONLY—I MARRIED HER."

A MAN'S WORK, A MAN'S WAGE.

Daughter of the House. "ARE WE *REALLY* HELPING YOU, THOMAS?"
Thomas. "LAWK-A-MUSSY! YES, MISS; A'MOST THE SAME AS IF YOU WAS GROWED UP."
Daughter of the House. "THEN WHY DON'T YOU ASK *US* IF WE 'D LIKE A DROP O' ZUMMAT?"

SWEET HAY-TIME.

Extract from Ethel's Correspondence :—"JACK AND HIS COUSIN TURNED UP UNEXPECTEDLY LAST THURSDAY, AND WE ALL WENT AND HELPED ONE OF THE NEIGHBOURING FARMERS GET IN HIS HAY. EVERYBODY GOES 'BACK TO THE LAND' NOWADAYS, YOU KNOW. WE WORKED FRIGHTFULLY HARD, BUT THE FARMER MAN WASN'T A BIT GRATEFUL—IN FACT, HE SEEMED QUITE STUFFY ABOUT SOMETHING OR OTHER."

PURE AND UNDILUTED.

Squire Toper (pulling up). "WATER? AH—UM—THANK'Y'. NOT TAKING ANY!"

THE WATER TEST.

Whip (bringing on tail hounds, in the rear of the field). "HULLOAH! WHO 'VE YOU GOT THERE?"

Runner (who has just assisted sportsman out of a muddy ditch). "DUNNO. CAN'T TELL TILL WE 'VE WASHED 'IM DOWN A BIT!"

OPEN CONFESSION.

Hostess (to guests, who have come to spend a few days). "WE 'RE *SO* GLAD YOU 'VE BEEN ABLE TO COME, MRS. GUSHINGTON; BUT I DO HOPE WE ARE GOING TO HAVE RATHER BETTER WEATHER, OR I AM AFRAID YOU WON'T ENJOY YOURSELVES MUCH."

Mrs. Gushington. "OH, BUT, MY *DEAR* LADY BOREHAM, WE DIDN'T COME HERE TO *ENJOY* OURSELVES. WE CAME TO SEE *YOU!*"

A SOCIAL AGONY.

First Guest (friend of the family). "THIS IS QUITE A LARGE PARTY, MISS MARY!"

Miss Mary (a little nervous, and forgetting herself and other Guests more or less distinguished). "YES—THIS IS WHAT WE CALL OUR 'WIPE-OFF' PARTY!"

CORRECTED.

Lady Tourist (doing the Cathedrals of Scotland). "THIS IS *GOTHIC*, ISN'T IT, JOHN?"
Juvenile Vendor of "Guides" (severely). "NO, MEM, *THIS* IS *PRESBYTERIAN.*"

A CHEERFUL GIVER?

Sandy McPherson, in a moment of abstraction, put half-a-crown in the collection plate last Sunday in mistake for a penny, and has since expended a deal of thought as to the best way of making up for it.

"NOO I MIGHT STAY AWA' FRAE THE KIRK TILL THE SUM WAS MADE UP; BUT ON THE ITHER HAN' I WAD BE PAYIN' PEW RENT A' THE TIME AN' GETTIN' NAE GUID O' 'T. LOSH! BUT I 'M THINKIN' THIS IS WHAT THE MEENISTER CA'S A 'RELEEGIOUS DEEFICULTY!'"

BANK HOLIDAY RECRUITS.

Instructor (to newly-enlisted Imperial Yeoman). "I THINK YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE ACCUSTOMED TO RIDE. WHERE *DID* YOU RIDE?"
Imperial Yeoman. "'AMPSTEAD 'EATH!"

YEOMANRY MANŒUVRES.

Corporal (to town recruit, on stable guard for the first time). "NOW, YOU 'VE GOT TO PATROL THESE 'ERE LINES, AN' 'AMMER IN ANY PEGS THAT GET LOOSE, AN' GENERALLY LOOK AFTER THE 'ORSES."

Recruit (whose knowledge of horses is of the slightest). "AND WHAT TIME AM I TO WAKE THE 'ORSES IN THE MORNIN'?"

PUT TO THE TEST.

Young Lady. "OH, MR. GREEN, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH EFFIE! SHE IS SO MISERABLE BECAUSE SHE HASN'T HAD HER DONKEY RIDE. WOULD YOU MIND GIVING HER A PICK-A-BACK?"

THE PICTURE.

"NOW, MIND, IF ANY OF THOSE NASTY PEOPLE WITH CAMERAS COME NEAR, YOU'RE TO SEND THEM AWAY!"

THE LATE LAMENTED.

Lady Visitor. "I SEE YOU STILL HAVE POOR OLD BINGO."

Fair Widow. "YES. I WOULDN'T PART WITH HIM ON ANY ACCOUNT. I NEVER LOOK AT HIM WITHOUT THINKING OF POOR DEAR MARMADUKE!"

FEMININE AMENITIES

Visitor. "YOUR GOVERNESS SEEMS *VERY* GOOD-NATURED."

Lady of the House. "YES, POOR THING, HER FATHER LOST A LOT OF MONEY, SO I TOOK HER AS GOVERNESS FOR THE CHILDREN."

Visitor. "POOR, POOR THING! ISN'T IT TERRIBLE HOW UNFORTUNATE SOME PEOPLE ARE!"

TRY AGAIN. 1903

Adolphus (penitently). "SO SORRY, DEAREST, THAT I WAS ANGRY WITH YOU YESTERDAY EVENING, AND LOST MY TEMPER."
Olivia. "PRAY DON'T MENTION IT, DOLLY. IT WASN'T A VERY GOOD ONE, AND I'M SURE YOU CAN EASILY FIND A BETTER."

NOT WELL EXPRESSED. 1903

She. "IT'S REALLY WONDERFUL HOW THIS PART OF THE WORLD SUITS OLD PEOPLE! THERE 'S MY GRANDFATHER, HE 'S EIGHTY-NINE NEXT MONTH."
He. "REALLY! ALMOST A—WHAT-D'YE-CALL IT?—A *NONENTITY*, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

PERQUISITES OF THE PROFESSION.

Pantomime Child (to admiring friend). "YUS, AND THERE 'S ANOTHER HADVANTAGE IN BEIN' A HACTRESS. YOU GET YOUR FORTYGRAPHS TOOK FOR NOFFINK!"

QUITE TRUE.

Curate. "OH—ER—BY THE WAY, MR. BLOGGS, I WAS WONDERING WHETHER YOU WOULD GIVE ME A SMALL SUBSCRIPTION FOR A MOST EXCELLENT OBJECT: I MEAN THE REPAIRING OF THE CEMETERY WALL."

Wealthy Parvenu. "NOT ME, SIR. THE CEMETERY WALL DON'T *NEED* ANY REPAIRING. THEM AS IS INSIDE CAN'T GET OUT, AN' THEM AS IS OUTSIDE DON'T WANT TO GET IN. GOOD MORNIN'!"

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Distinguished Artist. "PERHAPS IF YOU COME HERE YOU WILL GET A BETTER LIGHT ON THE PICTURE. THIS STUDIO IS NOT NEARLY LARGE ENOUGH."

Fair Visitor (desirous to understand). "YES, YES, I KNOW. ONE *CAN'T* GET FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM YOUR PICTURES!"

CONSOLATION.

Wife of his bosom (to Daubsley, whose masterpiece, "The Calais-Douvres failing to enter Dover Harbour," has also failed to enter the Royal Academy). "NEVER MIND, GEORGE, I'M *SURE* THERE IS REALLY GOOD WORK IN IT, FOR I DISTINCTLY HEARD THAT CRITIC FRIEND OF YOURS SAY, WHEN HE WAS HERE ON SHOW SUNDAY—AND YOU KNOW *HE* NEVER PRAISES ANYTHING UNDULY—I DISTINCTLY HEARD HIM SAY THE PICTURE POSITIVELY MADE HIM FEEL QUITE ILL."

THE DARWINIAN THEORY AGAIN.

"NUTS FOR THE MONKEYS, SIR? BUY A BAG O' NUTS FOR THE MONKEYS!"
"I'M NOT GOING TO THE ZOO."
"AH, WELL, SIR, HAVE SOME TO TAKE HOME TO THE CHILDREN!"

ITS LATEST APPLICATION.

Man in the Street. "'ULLO, MATE, 'UNTIN' FOR GOOD OLD 'IDDEN TREASURE?"
Skilled Workman (examining electric connection). "NOT *ME!* I'M A WATCHING THE BLOOMIN' *TEST MATCH.*"

TEACHING THE TEACHER.

New Curate. "NOW, BOY, IF, IN DEFIANCE OF THAT NOTICE, I WERE TO BATHE HERE, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE WOULD HAPPEN?"

Boy. YOU 'D COME OUT A GREAT LOT DIRTIER THAN YOU WENT IN!"

PRETTY DRY.

Young Beginner (fishing with dry fly). "AM I KEEPING MY FLY PROPERLY DRY, DUNCAN?"

Scotch Keeper. "OH, I'M THENKIN' SHE 'LL BE DRY ENOUGH. SHE'S STICKIN' UP IN THAT BIG WILLOW NEAR BY WHERE YE STARTED FUSHIN'."

THE SALE OF INTOXICANTS TO CHILDREN BILL.

"IT'S ANOTHER HINJUSTICE TO HUS PORE WIMMEN, IT IS! THEY WON'T LET US SEND THE KIDS FOR IT NOW, AN' IF MY HELDEST BOY GOES FOR IT 'E 'AS 'ARF OF IT 'ISSELF, AN' IF MY OLD MAN GOES 'E NEVER COMES BACK; SO THE HEND OF IT IS, I 'AVE TO GO FOR IT MYSELF!"

FORE AND——

Sergeant. "BACK A LITTLE, NUMBER FIVE!"

——AFT!

Sergeant. "UP A LITTLE, NUMBER FIVE!"

1903

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. 1900

Snobson (to inhabitant of out-of-way seaside resort). "WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE DO YOU GET DOWN HERE IN THE SUMMER?"

Inhabitant. "OH, ALL SORTS, ZUR. THERE BE FINE PEOPLE AN' COMMON PEOPLE, AN' SOME JUST HALF-AN'-HALF, LIKE YOURSELF, ZUR."

SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"TEDIOUS AS A TWICE-TOLD TALE,
VEXING THE DULL EAR OF A DROWSY MAN."
King John, ACT III., SC. 4.

WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET.

Sportsman (from the bog). "CONFOUND YOU, DIDN'T YOU SAY THERE WAS A SOUND BOTTOM HERE?"
Shepherd. "ZO THERE BE, MAISTER; BUT THOU 'AVEN'T GOT DOWN TO UN YET!"

THE END OF THE SEASON.

Passing Friend. "HULLOA, JACK! WHY ON EARTH ARE YOU HIDING THERE?"

Jack. "ONLY SAFE PLACE, DON'T YOU KNOW. GOVERNOR'S GIVING THE TENANTS A DAY TO FINISH THE COVERS. THEY 'VE JUST ABOUT FINISHED TWO DOGS AND A BEATER ALREADY!"

TRUE POLITENESS. 1904

(Another incident at a Tenants' Ball.)

Daughter of the house (dishevelled and torn after one turn round the room with clumsy partner). "DO YOU MIND VERY MUCH, MR. QUICKSTEP, IF WE SIT OUT THE REST OF IT?"

Mr. Quickstep. "JEST AS YOU LIKE, MISS. I'M ONLY A-DANCIN' FOR YOUR PLEASURE!"

GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY.

SCENE—At the Golf Club.

She. "GOOD-BYE, MAJOR. WHAT'S THE PROGRAMME FOR TO-MORROW?"

The Major. "OH, EITHER SKATING OR PUNTING, ACCORDING TO THE WEATHER."

THE MILITARY PERIL.

Old Lady (to member of Signalling Section, who has just commenced to reply to a message). "YOUNG MAN, IF YOU THINK TO ALARM *ME* BY WAGGING THOSE FLAGS ABOUT, YOU ARE VERY MUCH MISTAKEN!"

NOTE TO THE SUPERSTITIOUS.

IT IS CONSIDERED LUCKY FOR A BLACK CAT TO CROSS YOUR PATH.

SOMETHING WANTING.

Squire (somewhat eccentric). "I WISH YOU COULD PUT A BIT O' THATCH ON MY HEAD, GEORGE."
George. "IT B'AIN'T THATCH THOU BE WANTIN', SQUIRE. IT BE TWO OR THREE SLATES!"

SO SYMPATHETIC!

Sportsman (wishing for fresh fields to conquer). "I SHOULD LIKE TO TRY MY HAND AT BIG GAME."
Fair Ignoramus. "YES, I SUPPOSE YOU FIND IT VERY HARD TO HIT THESE LITTLE BIRDS!"

KEEPING UP HIS REPUTATION.

Genial Doctor (after laughing heartily at a joke of his patient's). "HA! HA! HA! THERE'S NOT MUCH THE MATTER WITH *YOU!* THOUGH I DO BELIEVE THAT IF YOU WERE ON YOUR DEATH-BED YOU 'D MAKE A JOKE!"

Irrepressible Patient. "WHY, OF COURSE I SHOULD IT WOULD BE MY LAST CHANCE!"

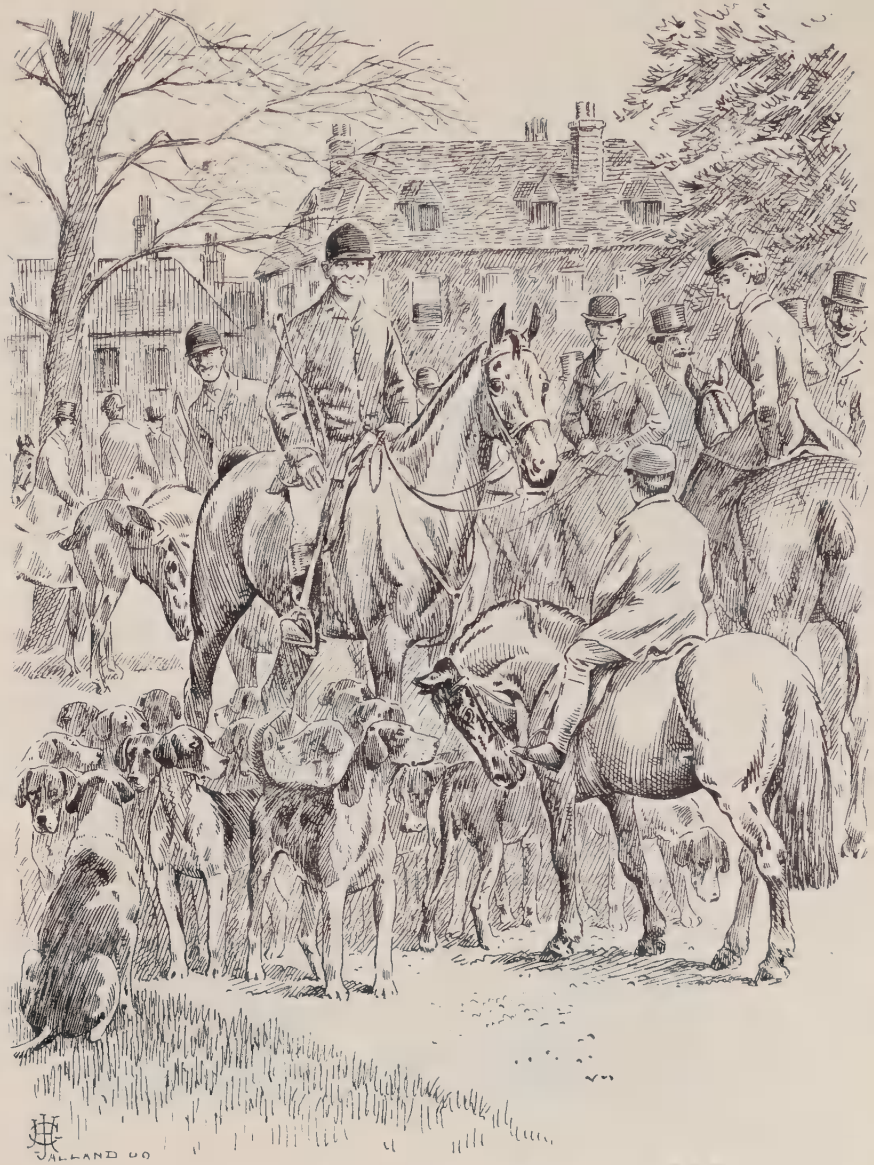
REPARTEE.

Eccentric Old Gent (whose pet aversion is a dirty child). "GO AWAY, YOU DIRTY GIRL, AND WASH YOUR FACE!"

Indignant Youngster. "*YOU* GO 'OME, YOU DIRTY OLD MAN, AND DO YER 'AIR!"

HIS POUND OF FLESH.

Financier (tenant of our forest, after a week's unsuccessful stalking). "NOW, LOOK HERE, MY MAN. I BOUGHT AND PAID FOR TEN STAGS. IF THE BRUTES CAN'T BE SHOT, YOU'LL HAVE TO TRAP THEM. I'VE PROMISED THE VENISON, AND I MEAN TO HAVE IT!"



AT A LAWN MEET.

Son of the House "OH, MR. HUNTSMAN, OUR KEEPER HAS GOT SUCH A LOVELY FOX FOR YOU!"
Huntsman. "GLAD TO HEAR IT, SIR. WHERE SHALL WE FIND HIM?"
Son of the House. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS NOW; BUT I SAW HIM *IN A BOX LAST NIGHT!*"

A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

Mistress (after a heated discussion with argumentative Cook). "ARE YOU THE MISTRESS OF THIS HOUSE, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW?"

Cook. "NO, MA'AM, I AIN'T—BUT—BUT——"

Mistress (triumphantly). "THEN, DON'T TALK LIKE AN IDIOT!"

A REAL GHOST STORY.

Mistress (returning). "ANY ONE TO SEE ME, MARY?"

Mary. "YES, MEM. AN INSANITARY SPECTRE."

[But it was only the Sanitary Inspector who had called regarding some alterations that were going on.

HITTING THE NAIL.

Mother. "TOMMY, STOP ASKING YOUR FATHER SO MANY QUESTIONS. DON'T YOU SEE IT ANNOYS HIM?"

Tommy. "WHY, MOTHER, IT'S NOT THE QUESTIONS THAT MAKE HIM ANGRY. IT'S BECAUSE HE CAN'T ANSWER THEM."

AFTER A DERBY-WINNER-DINNER.

Diner. "TICKET." *Clerk.* "WHAT STATION?"

Diner. "WHA-STASHUN 'VE-YOU-GOT?"

SO READY!

1903

Snooks (coming out conversationally). "I THINK THAT EVERY WOMAN WHO IS NOT OUT-AND-OUT PLAIN CONSIDERS HERSELF A BEAUTY."

Miss Rinkle. "DOES THAT INCLUDE *ME?*"

Snooks. "OH, OF COURSE NOT!"

THE HUMOURS OF HOUSE HUNTING.

Lady. "VERY HEALTHY PLACE, IS IT? HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT THE DEATH-RATE IS HERE?"
Caretaker. "WELL, MUM, I CAN'T 'ZACTLY ZAY; BUT IT'S ABOUT ONE APIECE ALL AROUND."

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

OUR ARTIST, WHILE STAYING IN THE COUNTRY, THINKS IT WOULD BE A GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR STUDYING *CALVES*.

OVERHEARD OUTSIDE A FAMOUS RESTAURANT.

"HULLO, GUS! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING ABOUT HERE FOR?"

"I 'M WAITING TILL THE BANKS CLOSE. I WANT TO CASH A CHEQUE!"

HEARD ON A 'BUS!

Conductor (on "Elephant and Castle" route). "FARES, PLEASE!"
Fare. "TWO ELEPHANTS!"

TRIALS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

Mrs. Jones. "AND PRAY, MR. JONES, WHAT IS THE MATTER NOW?"
Jones. "I WAS ONLY WONDERING, MY DEAR, WHERE YOU MIGHT HAVE BOUGHT THIS FISH."
Mrs. Jones. "AT THE FISHMONGER'S. WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE I BOUGHT IT?"
Jones. "WELL, I THOUGHT THAT, *PERHAPS,* THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A REMNANT SALE AT THE AQUARIUM!"

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

"CAN I SEE THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE?"
"YES, YOU CAN, AND *DO*. NOW, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

"MERELY MARY ANN" AGAIN.

"PLEASE, 'M, THE FISHMONGER SAYS WILL YOU HAVE IT FILTERED?"

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

Old Lady. "I WISH YOU WOULD MAKE HIM GO FASTER. I SHALL BE LATE FOR THE MARKET."

Carrier. "WELL, YOU SEE, MUM, HE ALWAYS FALLS ON HIS HEAD IF HE TROTS DOWN-HILL. HE *CAN'T* TROT UP-HILL, FOR HE'S BROKEN-WINDED, AND IF YOU HURRY HIM ON THE LEVEL HE MOSTLY HAS A FIT OF BLIND STAGGERS. BUT WE'LL TRY IF YOU LIKE, MUM. COME UP, HOSS!"

ON EPSOM DOWNS.

"GET ONTO 'IS NECK, LIKE ME, HALFRED, AN' THEY'LL TAKE US FOR JOCKEYS!"

OCULAR DEMONSTRATION. 1903

Lady Caller (to old Family Servant). "WELL, BRIDGET, DID MASTER ARTHUR SHOOT ANY TIGERS IN INDIA?"
Bridget. "OF COORSE, HE DID. SHURE WE HAVE THE HORNS OF THE CRAYTHURS HUNG IN THE HALL!"

HIGH SOCIETY.

Inexperienced and anxious Young Mistress. "THE NEW HOUSEMAID, MARIA, IS A ROMAN CATHOLIC! BUT I HOPE YOU WILL NOT ALLOW ANY RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY IN THE SERVANTS' HALL."
Cook (with much dignity). "YOU NEEDN'T HAVE ANY FEAR, MY LADY. IN REALLY 'IGH-CLASS FAMILIES RELIGION IS *NEVER* MENTIONED!"

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Wife. "I HOPE YOU TALKED PLAINLY TO HIM."
Husband. "I DID INDEED. I TOLD HIM HE WAS A FOOL, A PERFECT FOOL!"
Wife (approvingly). "DEAR JOHN! HOW EXACTLY LIKE YOU!"

INCONTROVERTIBLE.

Lady. "GENERALLY SPEAKING, WOMEN ARE——"
Nasty Man (interrupting). "YES, THEY ARE"
Lady. "ARE WHAT?"
Nasty Man. "GENERALLY SPEAKING."

ON THE VILLAGE GREEN.

Amateur Bowler (to Umpire). "HERE, I SAY! I CAN'T SEE THE WICKET. HOW CAN I BOWL HIM?"
Umpire. "FIRE AWAY! IF YOU 'IT 'IM IN *FRONT*, IT 'S LEG BEFORE.' IF YOU 'IT 'IM *BEHIND*, IT 'S A 'WIDE'!"

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"I INTEND TO COME AND SEE YOUR WIFE THIS AFTERNOON. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SOONER."
"THANK 'EE KINDLY, MISS. IT 'LL BE LIKE A BOTTLE O' PHYSIC TO HER!"

KINDLY MEANT.

Genial Host. "YOU MUST LET ME TAKE YOU FOR A SPIN IN MY NEW MOTOR, MRS. LITTLETON. SUIT YOU SPLENDIDLY. SIXTEEN HORSE-POWER, YOU KNOW!"

THE EGOIST. 1901

Gallant Colonel. "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT DO YOU KNOW YOUR HORSE IS KICKING?"
Lady (on hireling, and out for the first time). "OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR MENTIONING IT, COLONEL, BUT I *REALLY* DON'T MIND IT AT ALL."

ILLUMINISM. 1900

The Hon. Muriel. "OH, YES, I SUPPOSE I COULD GET MARRIED, IF I COULD FIND A MAN I SIMPLY COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT."

The Hon. Maude. "MY DEAR GIRL, THE DIFFICULTY IS TO FIND A MAN YOU CAN LIVE *WITH!*"

APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE. 1904

He. "WHO'S THAT?"

She "JACK ANSTRUTHER AND HIS BRIDE. HE MARRIED EVER SO MUCH BENEATH HIM."

He. "DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT!"

QUICK WORK. 1904

Guttersnipe. "PLEASE MUVVER WANTS SIXPENCE ON THIS 'ERE FRYIN' PAN."

Pawnbroker. "HALLO! IT'S *HOT!*"

Guttersnipe. "YUS, MUVVER'S JUST COOKED THE SOSSIDGES, AN' WANTS THE MONEY FOR THE BEER!"

OVERHEARD ON A STORMY DAY.

"WHAT CHEER, MATEY! DOIN' ANY BUSINESS?"

"GARN! WOT YER GETTIN' AT? I AIN'T 'ERE TO DO BUSINESS. I'M TAKIN' THE HOPEN HAIR TREATMENT!"

A PLEASING PROSPECT. 1902

"THESE TRAILERS *ARE* SPLENDID THINGS! YOU MUST REALLY GET ONE AND TAKE ME OUT, PERCY!"

LITTLE BINKS AGAIN. 1904

Little Binks (facetiously, to Sportsman, who is trying a new horse). "YOU 'D BETTER SEND HIM BACK TO THE CIRCUS. THAT 'S HIS PLACE."
Sportsman. "HE 'D BE ALL RIGHT, MY BOY, IF HE DIDN'T SEE A CLOWN RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM!"

SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

Dilapidated Old Party (squalling)—

"WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER
WHEN THE MISTS HAVE ROLL'D AWAY!"

A QUESTION OF TASTE.

Liz (to Emily). "MIND YER, IT'S ALL ROIGHT SO FUR AS IT GOES. ALL I SEZ IS, IT WANTS A FEVVER OR TWO, OR A BIT O' PLUSH SOMEWHARES, TO GIVE IT WHAT I CALL *STOYLE.*"

UNKIND.

The Babbits hired a turn-out for a drive into the country, and Mrs. B. drove Mr. B. "I UNDERSTOOD YOU TO SAY, MARIA, THAT YOU KNEW HOW TO DRIVE!"

A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Groom (to Nervous Lady, whose Hat has just been blown over the hedge). "BEG PARDON, MISS. WILL YOU 'OLD THE 'OSSES WHILE I RUN AFTER THE 'AT? OR WILL YOU RUN AFTER THE 'AT, AND ME 'OLD THE 'OSSES!"

OUR RESERVES.

A.-D.-C. "WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU MEN DOING HERE R'GHT IN THE LINE OF FIRE? CLEAR OUT AT ONCE! THEY 'RE FIRING BALL CARTRIDGE, NOT BLANK."

Unmoved Private (who has found an excellent place from which to view the attack practice). "THER' NOW. WE WAS JUST A-ZAYIN' AS WE THOUGHT 'TWAS BULLETS BY THE ZOUND OF 'EM!"

RATHER PROUD OF IT. 1904

Landlord (who is having a shoot for his tenant-farmers). "GOOD HEAVENS, MR. MANGOLD! THAT BIRD CAN'T HAVE BEEN MORE THAN A COUPLE OF FEET OVER MR. BUTTER'S HEAD!"
Mr. Mangold. "OH! THAT'S WHAT *I* CALL *SHOOTIN'!*"

DOWN WHITECHAPEL WAY. 1900

'Arriet. "WOT TOIME HIS THE NEXT TROINE TER 'AMMERSMITH?"

Clerk. "DUE NOW."

'Arriet. "'COURSE OI DAWN'T NOW, STOOPID, OR I WOULDN'T BE HARSKIN' YER!"

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Hedwin. "HANGELEENER! WON'T YER 'EAR ME? WOT 'UD YER SY IF I TOLD YER AS I'D 'TOOK THE SHILLIN'"?"

Hangelina. "SY? WHY—'HALVES'!"

CAUSE FOR CONGRATULATION.

Old Gentleman. "I'M CERTAINLY NOT SO DEAF AS PEOPLE MAKE OUT. I HEAR A LITTLE BEE HUMMING QUITE PLAINLY!"

THE HISTORY LESSON. 1400

Governess. "NOW, EVA, TELL ME HOW QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE DIED." *Eva.* "SHE WAS *GELATINED.*"

ODD!

The Colonel (stopping at Irish Inn). "LOOK HERE! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?"
Boots. "BEDAD! AN' I'VE GOT JUST SUCH ANOTHER QUARE PAIR DOWN BELOW!"

SOMETHING NEW.

Young Ass. "AW—I'M BORED TO DEATH WITH LIFE!"
She. "WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING?"
Young Ass. "AW—THERE'S NOTHING WORTH DOING THAT I HAVEN'T TRIED."
She. "ISN'T THERE? THERE *MUST* BE. *TRY AND THINK.*"

A HEALTHY APPETITE.

Lady (to gardener). "HAVE YOU HAD YOUR DINNER, JOHN?"
John. "NOT YET, MUM. I MUST 'EAT THE GREEN'OUSE FUST."

TOUCHY. 1901

Gent (rushing out of club in a terrific hurry). "I SAY, CABBY, DRIVE AS FAST AS YOU CAN TO WATERLOO—LEATHERHEAD!"

Cabby. "'ERE, I SAY, NOT SO MUCH OF YOUR *LEATHER'ED*, IF YOU PLEASE!"

(Goes off grumbling.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Binks. "PUT ON YOUR HAT, JANE, OR YOU'LL CATCH OOLD."

ART IN THE NURSERY.

"WHATEVER IS THAT YOU HAVE DRAWN, MASTER JIMMY?" "DAT'S A DRAGON AND A PRETTY LADY."
"BUT I DON'T SEE ANY LADY!" "'COS THE DRAGON HAS EATED THE PRETTY LADY UP!"

CONSCIENTIOUS!

Doctor (to Mrs. Perkins, whose husband is ill). "HAS HE HAD ANY LUCID INTERVALS?"

Mrs. Perkins (with dignity). "'E 'S 'AD NOTHINK EXCEPT WHAT YOU ORDERED, DOCTOR."

QUID PRO QUO.

Brown (staying at a farm-house for his summer holidays). "I LIKE YOUR EGGS, MRS. CHERITON; BUT FISH IN THE COUNTRY OFTEN HAS SUCH A STRONG FLAVOUR."

Farmer's Wife. "YES, SIR. BUT IN LONDON WHAT YOU LOSE ON THE FISH YOU GAIN ON THE EGGS."

UNCALLED FOR.

The Squire. "I DON'T SEEM TO KNOW YOUR FACE, MY MAN. DO YOU LIVE ABOUT HERE?"
Old Rustic. "YES, SIR. BUT, YER SEE, I AIN'T OFTEN AT THE PUBLIC-'OUSE!"

DISCOURAGING.

Dooley. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WID YE ANYHOW, MICK—ALL TATTERED AN' TORRUN AN' BITTEN AN' SCRATCHED ALL OVER?"
Mick. "AY, AN' ME OWN DOG DONE IT! I WENT HOME SOBER LAST NOIGHT, AN' THE BASTE *DIDN'T KNOW ME!*"

IN A DIFFICULTY.

Officer (to Irish sentry on guard tent). "WHY DON'T YOU FACE YOUR PROPER FRONT, SENTRY?"
Sentry. "SURE, YER HONOUR, THE TINT 'S ROUND. DIVIL A FRONT IT 'S GOT!"

1901

BORROWERS AND LENDERS.

First Village Dame. "DID I BRING YOU BACK THAT BASKET YOU LENT ME LAST WEEK?"
Second Dame (emphatically). "NO, INDEED, YOU DID NOT."
First Dame. "THAT'S A PITY, FOR I JUST CAME ROUND TO BORROW IT AGAIN!"

AN INSULT.

Short-sighted Old Lady (to little Binks, who is going to the Golf-Links). "HOW MUCH WILL YOU CHARGE ME TO MEND THIS UMBRELLA?"

UNFORTUNATE.

Tourist. "WHEN DOES THE NEXT TRAIN START FOR CORK, PORTER?"
Irish Porter. "SHE'S JUST GONE, SORR!"

COUSINS AT A DISCOUNT.

Elsie. "YOU KNOW, DOROTHY, BOBBY IS OUR FIRST COUSIN."
Dorothy (on whom Bobby has made an unfavourable impression). "IS HE? WELL, I HOPE HE'S OUR *LAST*, THAT'S ALL!"

GIVING HIM AWAY.

Dolly. "PLEASE, MISS SHARP, MAMMA SAYS HAVE YOU *REALLY* LEFT YOUR SONGS AT HOME!"
Miss Sharp. "YES, DEAR, WHY?"
Dolly. "WELL, PAPA SAYS 'IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE'?"

"LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL."

Inexperienced Young Housewife (thinking to show her sharpness, after purchasing a brace of pheasants). "I SUPPOSE THEY'VE BEEN HUNG?"

New Shopman (not previously in this trade). "HUNG! NO, LADY, THEY WERE SHOT."

A MATTER OF WEIGHT.

She. "HAVE YOU DERIVED MUCH BENEFIT FROM CYCLING, MR. POUNDS?"

He. "OH, YES. WHY, I'M *MUCH THINNER* THAN I WAS!"

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Pupil (after repeated attempts). "OH, I'M SURE I NEVER SHALL BE ABLE TO!"

Professor. OH, YES, YOU WILL. I WAS JUST AS BIG A DONKEY MYSELF AT FIRST!"

ENOUGH.

Lady (engaging a Maid). "WAS YOUR LAST MISTRESS SATISFIED WITH YOU?"

Maid. "WELL, MUM, SHE SAID SHE WAS VERY PLEASED *WHEN I LEFT!*"

SWANK! 1901

Little Boy. "I SAY, MAN, I WISH YOU'D LET GO HIS HEAD AND SQUAT UP BEHIND WITH YOUR ARMS FOLDED AS HIGH UP AS YOU CAN. THEN WE SHALL LOOK EVER SO MUCH BETTER!"

THE FRANKNESS OF YOUTH. 1901

The General. "AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP, YOUNG MAN?"

Bobbie. "WELL, I CAN'T QUITE MAKE UP MY MIND. I DON'T KNOW WHICH WOULD BE NICEST—A SOLDIER, LIKE YOU, OR A SAILOR, LIKE MR. SMITHERS."

A TARTAR.

A. "THAT'S JONES'S DAUGHTER WITH HIM. SHE'S JUST ABOUT TO BE MARRIED."

B. "WHO'S THE LUCKY MAN?" *A.* "JONES."

WHERE IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS.

(Gentleman with comic face has just finished very pathetic story.)

Brown (who is very deaf, and has been watching his expression). "HA! HA! *VERY* GOOD! FUNNIEST THING I'VE HEARD FOR A LONG TIME!"

"W'Y, I REMEMBERS THE TIME W'EN I 'D 'AVE STOPPED *THAT* FOR FURIOUS DRIVIN', AND I RECKON IT 'S ONLY GOIN' ABOUT A PALTRY FIFTEEN MILE [redacted] HOUR!"

"*AR!* NOW THEM CYCLISTS IS PUTTIN' ON A FAIRISH PACE! SUMMAT ABOUT TWENTY MILE AN HOUR, I S'POSE. BUT 'TAIN'T NO BUSINESS O' MINE. *I 'M* HERE TO STOP *MOTOR-CAWS*, WHAT HO!"

"'TAIN'T NO USE TELLIN' ME YOU 'VE BROKE DOWN! STANDS TO REASON A MOTOR-CAW GOIN' DOWN 'ILL 'S *BOUND* TO BE GOIN' TOO FAST. SO WE 'LL PUT IT DOWN AT ABOUT THIRTY MILE AN HOUR! YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, SIR *HIF* YOU PLEASE."

1902

WAITING FOR BIGGER GAME.

A Study of Rural Police Methods.

VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

Subaltern. "RE-*TIRE!* RE-*TIRE!* CONFOUND THOSE FELLOWS!"

Corporal. "'TAIN'T ANY USE SIGNALLING TO *THEM*, SIR. *THEY* 'RE GOIN' TO STAY WHERE THEY ARE, AN' GET TOOK PRISONERS COMFORTABLE. AN' THEY HAIN'T NO BAD JUDGE NEITHER!"

OUR REVIEW.

THE COLONEL IS WONDERING WHAT MANŒUVRE HE OUGHT TO EXECUTE IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

WESTERN FREEDOM.

American Hostess in London. "BUT WHY HAVEN'T YOU BROUGHT YOUR *FIANCE?*"

Guest (from Dakota). "I RECKON HE'S THROWN ME OVER. HE DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND OUR WAYS OUT WEST."

Hostess. "WHY, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE NOW?"

Guest. "NOTHING. I JUST ASKED HIM, 'SAY, WILL YOU LOVE ME ALWAYS, ALWAYS, EVEN AFTER WE'RE DIVORCED?'"

A SERIOUS OMISSION.

Horrified Little Girl (seeing her Mamma in evening dress for the first time). "OH MUMMY, YOU'RE *NEVER* GOING DOWN LIKE THAT! YOU'VE FORGOTTEN TO PUT ON YOUR TOP PART!"

A PRECAUTION.

Boy (to Cabby with somewhat shadowy horse). "LOOK 'ERE, GUV'NOR, YOU 'D BETTER TIE A KNOT IN 'IS TAIL AFORE 'E GETS WET, OR 'E MIGHT SLIP THROUGH 'IS COLLAR!"

FATHER AGAIN.

"OH JACK, YOU *ARE* LIKE YOUR FATHER!" "OH, COME, I SAY, MATER, WHAT HAVE I DONE WRONG *NOW*?"

A BLUNDER.

Elderly Sportsman. "I WONDER THEY DON'T HAVE THAT PLACE STOPPED! WHY, I REMEMBER RUNNING A FOX TO GROUND THERE TWENTY YEARS AGO! DON'T YOU?"

"CITY AND SUBURBAN."

Miss Tooting Beck (Suburban). "OH, MR. DASH, WHAT HORSE IS THAT THEY ARE ALL LOOKING AT?"

Mr. Dash (City). "THAT 'S THE FAVOURITE, MISS BECK."

Miss Tooting Beck "REALLY! WHAT A WONDERFUL CREATURE! IT SEEMS TO HAVE RUN IN EVERY RACE I 'VE HEARD OF!"

A TOAST.

"LONG LIFE TO YER HONOUR! MAY ASSES DANCE ON THE GRAVES OF YER INIMIES!"

THE PESSIMIST.

Curate. "YOU'RE LOOKING VERY WELL TO-DAY, MRS. GILES."
Chronic Grumbler. "AH, BUT YOU AIN'T A-SEEN MY INSIDE, SIR!"

MODERN COMPLAINTS! 1901

Farmer James. "IT WUR STRANGE THAT MY SON AND SQUIRE SHOULD HA' BEEN WOUNDED AT THE SAME TIME; THEY DO SAY THAT THEY WILL BOTH HAVE THE V.C."

Old Joe (who has heard of "D.T."). "DEAR, DEAR! I 'OPE IT WON'T BE SERIOUS!"

"AS GOOD LUCK WOULD HAVE IT." 1901

Wife (to Sportsman, who has just taken a bad toss). "I ALWAYS DISTRUSTED YOU GOING IN FOR THAT HORRID ACCIDENT INSURANCE. YOU KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE. EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH TURNS TO MONEY!"

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED." 1903

(*An Appreciation.*)

She. "THEY DON'T SEEM HAPPY TOGETHER. HE ONCE TOLD ME THAT HIS WIFE WAS THE LIGHT OF HIS LIFE."

He. "AH—BUT THE LIGHT WAS ALWAYS GOING OUT."

She (*catching the idea*). "AND LEAVING HIM ENTIRELY IN THE DARK."

A CASE OF "MOTOR A TAX IS!"

She. "I WANT PAPA TO BUY ME A MOTOR, BUT HE SAYS HE CAN'T AFFORD IT, IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE. YOU'VE HAD A MOTOR FOR SOME TIME, MR. BODGELEY, AND YOU DIDN'T FIND IT RAN INTO MUCH, DID YOU?"

He (who has had several accidents). "WELL, YOU SEE, THE MOTOR COST £1200, AND AS WE MANAGED TO KILL OR MAIM ALL SORTS OF PIGS, COWS, AND CHICKENS, BESIDES KNOCKING DOWN PALINGS AND PLOUGHING UP SOME SIDE-PATHS, AND AS I HAD TO PAY £1800 DAMAGES, YOU SEE, IT *DID RUN INTO A LOT* BEFORE I HAD DONE WITH IT!"

SNUBBED. 1903

SCENE—An Indian Station, on the Eve of a Fancy Ball

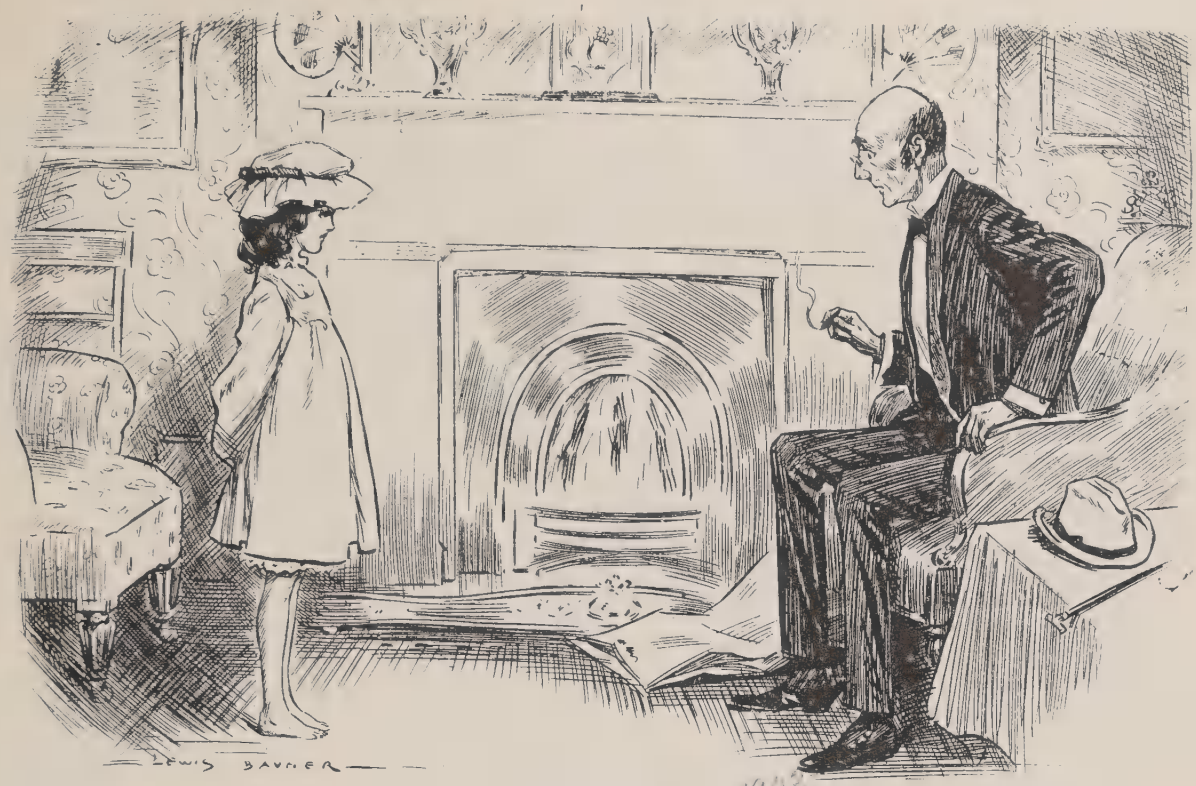
Globe-trotting "Bounder" (newly arrived). "YOU 'RE RUNNING THIS BALL, AIN'T YOU? IS FANCY DRESS *DE RIGUEUR?*"

Choleric Colonel (who is Ball Secretary). "FANCY DRESS, SIR, IS NOT *DE RIGUEUR*, BUT AN INVITATION *IS!*"

HIS FIRST OFFENCE. 1901

First Farmer. "YOU OUGHT TO ALLOW I SUMMAT OFF THE PRICE O' THAT 'ORSE YOU SOLD I LAS' WEEK. WHY 'E 'VE BIN AN' TOOK AN' DIED!"

Second Farmer. "WELL, THAT 'S FUNNY, NOW; 'E NEVER CUT ANY O' THEM CAPERS WHEN I 'AD 'IM!"



WHY NOT? 1903

Uncle (about to start for a concert at Marine Pavilion). "BUT, MY DEAR NORA, YOU DON'T SURELY PROPOSE TO GO WITHOUT YOUR SHOES AND STOCKINGS?" *Nora.* "I'M IN EVENING DRESS, UNCLE—ONLY IT'S THE OTHER END."

THE PIEBALD SUPERSTITION. 1906

"COME ON, BILLY! COME ON AN' WISH! WISH FOR SOMETHING! *'ERE'S A LUCKY 'ORSE!*"

1902

A CLUMSY COMPLIMENT.

Son of the House. "WON'T *YOU* SING SOMETHING, MISS MURIEL?"
Miss M. "OH, I DAREN'T AFTER SUCH GOOD MUSIC AS WE HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO."
Son of the House. "BUT I'D RATHER LISTEN TO *YOUR* SINGING THAN TO ANY AMOUNT OF GOOD MUSIC!"

TURNING THE TABLES.

Little Dobbs (who is a good dancer, but has let his partner down with a crash). "THAT WAS MY VERY FIRST ACCIDENT. WILL *YOU* GIVE ME A DANCE?"
She (majestically). "CERTAINLY WITH PLEASURE. *I NEVER LET A MAN DOWN IN MY LIFE!*"

COMPLIMENTARY. 1904

Visitor. "I'VE JUST BEEN TO MAKE MY FIRST CALL ON MRS. JOHNSON."
Lady of the House. "SO GLAD, DEAR. POOR THING, SHE'S GLAD TO KNOW *ANYONE!*"

OUR EXHIBITION. 1901

Vicar's Daughter. "OH, MR. GUFLING, I'VE CALLED THIS MORNING TO TELL YOU THAT FOR THE PARISH CHARITIES WE OPEN OUR MOST INTERESTING SHOW OF LOCAL ANTIQUITIES AND CURIOSITIES, AND MAY I HOPE THAT *YOU* WILL KINDLY GIVE IT YOUR COUNTENANCE?"

IN THE PARK.

Stout Party. "NOW, BOY, WHY DON'T YOU BE PERLITE, AND GET UP AND GIVE ONE OF THESE YOUNG LADIES A SEAT?"

Cheeky Boy. "NOT ME! WHY DON'T *YOU* GET UP, AND GIVE THEM *BOTH* A SEAT?"

SOPHISTRY.

Loafer. "WOULD YOU KINDLY GIMME A SUBSCRIPTION, MADAM, FOR A SOCIETY AS I BELONGS TO?"

Lady. "WHAT'S THE SOCIETY?"

Loafer. "IT'S—ER—WELL, IT'S A *PUBLIC* SOCIETY. WE ENTERS 'OUSES, MADAM, FOR THE PURPOSE O' *PUTTIN' DOWN THE DRINK.*"

YOUTHFUL DISCRETION. 1902

Shocked Mother. "OH, TOMMY! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?"

Tommy (who has just returned from the first day of a preliminary course at the village school). "FIGHTING WITH BILLY BROWN."

Mother. "THAT HORRID BOY AT THE FARM? DON'T YOU *EVER* QUARREL WITH HIM AGAIN!"

Tommy. "I AIN'T LIKELY TO. HE CAN *LICK* ME!"

"A WOMAN IS THE AGE SHE LOOKS." 1902

Visitor (kindly). "HOW OLD ARE YOU, DEAR?"

Little Girl (with great dignity). "I'M NOT OLD AT ALL. GRANNY'S OLD, BUT MOTHER'S YOUNG AND DADDY'S YOUNG, AND I'M *VERY* YOUNG!"

SEEING THE PROCESSION.

"'ERE Y' ARE, LIDY! STAND ON MY BACK FOR A SHILLIN'!"

OVERHEARD ON A MUDDY DAY.

Old Lady. "I DON'T SEE THE CROSSING-SWEEPER HERE TO-DAY, POLICEMAN!"
Policeman. "NO, MUM. HE'S OUT MARCHING WITH THE UNEMPLOYED TO-DAY"

NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED.

Genial Scorcher. "RUM CRIB, AIN'T IT? THOUGHT I SHOULD FIND SOME ARTISTS HERE. STARTED TO COME YESTERDAY, BUT" (*solemnly*) "I BROKE MY CHAIN."
Our Artist (*not in the best of humours*). "OH, INDEED! AND HAVE YOU BITTEN ANYBODY SINCE?"

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Charitable Person (who has been much impressed by the erudition of a plausible cadger). "YOU SEEM TO BE A VERY WELL-INFORMED PERSON. WHERE WERE YOU BROUGHT UP?"
Absent-minded cadger (promptly). "AT BOW STREET, PRINCIPALLY."

A HUMOURIST.

Jocular Chimney Sweep (to astounded Porter). "I SAY, PORTAH, PUT MY GOLF CLUBS IN THE GUARD'S VAN!"

HEARTY APPRECIATION. 1904

"I SAY, WASN'T THAT A *JOLLY* GAME?"

A PERSONAL GRIEVANCE. 1904

"I SAY, WON'T THEY LET *YOU* GO INTO LONG TROUSERS?"

RUSTIC ECHOES OF A WALKING CRAZE.

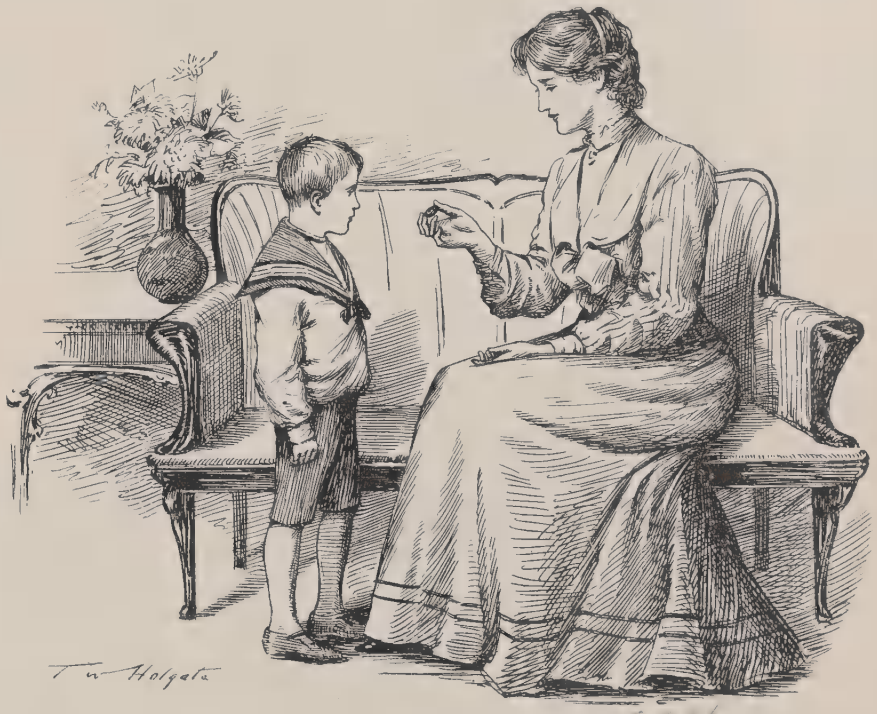
Sympathetic Boy. "BUCK UP, MISTER. YOU'LL WIN YET."
Disgusted Competitor. "GO AWAY! I DON'T BELONG TO THAT LOT IN FRONT. I'M THE FIRST MAN OF ANOTHER LOT BEHIND!"

NICE NEPHEW!

Tommy. "TALKING OF RIDDLES, UNCLE, DO YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN APPLE AND AN ELEPHANT?"

Uncle (benignly). "NO, MY LAD, I DON'T."

Tommy. "YOU 'D BE A SMART CHAP TO SEND OUT TO BUY APPLES, WOULD'NT YOU?"



UNIMAGINATIVE.

Auntie. "DO YOU SEE THE HAIR IN THIS OLD BROOCH, CYRIL? IT WAS YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S."

Cyril. "I SAY, AUNTIE, HE DID'NT HAVE MUCH!"

HIS LITTLE JOKE. 1902

Lady. "HALF-A-CROWN, INDEED! YOUR FARE IS EIGHTEEN-PENCE. I LOOKED IT UP IN BRADSHAW."
Cabman. "WELL, TO BE SURE! WOT A GOOD WIFE YOU *WOULD 'AVE* MADE FOR A PORE MAN!"

OUT OF PLACE.

Voice from the Ditch. "DON'T JUMP HERE!"
Irish Huntsman. "AND WHAT WOULD YE BE AFTER DOWN THERE? WATHER-CRESSES?"

A BROAD HINT. 1903

Old Woman (to young Lady Bountiful). "YES, MISS, NELLIE DO GROW. SHE SKIPS OUT OF 'ER SHOES IN NO TIME. 'ER FEET ARE TREMENJEOUS. I SHOULD THINK A PAIR OF YOURS WOULD JUST FIT 'ER, MISS!"

MRS. PARKINS AT THE SEASIDE. 1903

Her Ladyship. "WELL, MRS. PARKINS, AND WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE SEA?"
Mrs. Parkins (who has been on a visit to her daughter at Margate). "THERE, M'LADY, I DIDN'T THINK 'TWAS ANYTHING LIKE SO BIG, AN' OUR ANNIE SHE TELLS ME AS I DIDN'T SEE A HALF ON'T!"

A NICE PROSPECT. 1902

Owner (to amateur, riding his first race). "NOW, LOOK HERE, OLD CHAP. THIS MARE ALWAYS BOLTS WHEN THE FLAG FALLS. BUT IF YOU CAN ONLY MANAGE TO KEEP HER ON THE COURSE, AND MAKE HER RISE AT THE JUMPS, YOU'LL ABOUT WIN!"

THE SCALE OF COMPENSATION. 1901

First Chappie. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, I'M GOING UP TO A BIG SHOOT. WHAT SORT OF TIP SHOULD I GIVE THE KEEPER?"

Second Chappie. "IT DEPENDS WHERE YOU *HIT* HIM!"

THE DANGERS OF SCIENCE.

IT HAS BEEN IMPRESSED UPON MASTER TOM THAT HE MUST NOT STARE ABOUT HIM DURING THE SERMON, BUT MUST KEEP HIS EYE ON THE CLERGYMAN. AN UNFORTUNATE BIRTHDAY PRESENT ENABLES HIM FOR ONCE TO DO THIS!

THE PENALTY OF FAME.

The Vicar. "I'M SURPRISED AT *YOU*, MIGGS. WHY, LOOK AT *ME*. *I* CAN GO INTO THE TOWN WITHOUT COMING BACK INTOXICATED."

Miggs. "YESH, ZUR, BUT *OI* BE SO POPULAR!" (*Hic.*)

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND.

Second Horseman No. 1. "ULLOAH, DANNY, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKIN' FOR?"

Second Horseman No. 2. "PERKISITES. GUV'NOR'S JUST BEEN OVER 'ERE. 'E JUMPS SO MUCH 'IGHER THAN 'IS HORSE, THERE'S ALWAYS SOME SMALL CHANGE OR SUMMAT TO BE PICKED UP!"

NOT LIKELY.

Gorgeous Stranger. "I SAY, HUNTSMAN, WOULD YOU MIND BLOWING YOUR HORN TWO OR THREE TIMES? I WANT MY FELLOW, WHO HAS MY FLASK, TO KNOW WHERE WE ARE, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

OUR ELECTION. 1906

Farmer. "WELL, IF 'E THINKS I'M AGOIN' TO VOTE FOR 'IM——!"

THINKING OF 'ARRIET.

'Arry (encountering a shut gate for the first time). "WONDER WHICH END THE THING OPENS? AH, 'ERE Y'ARE! 'ERE'S THE 'OOKS AN' EYES!"

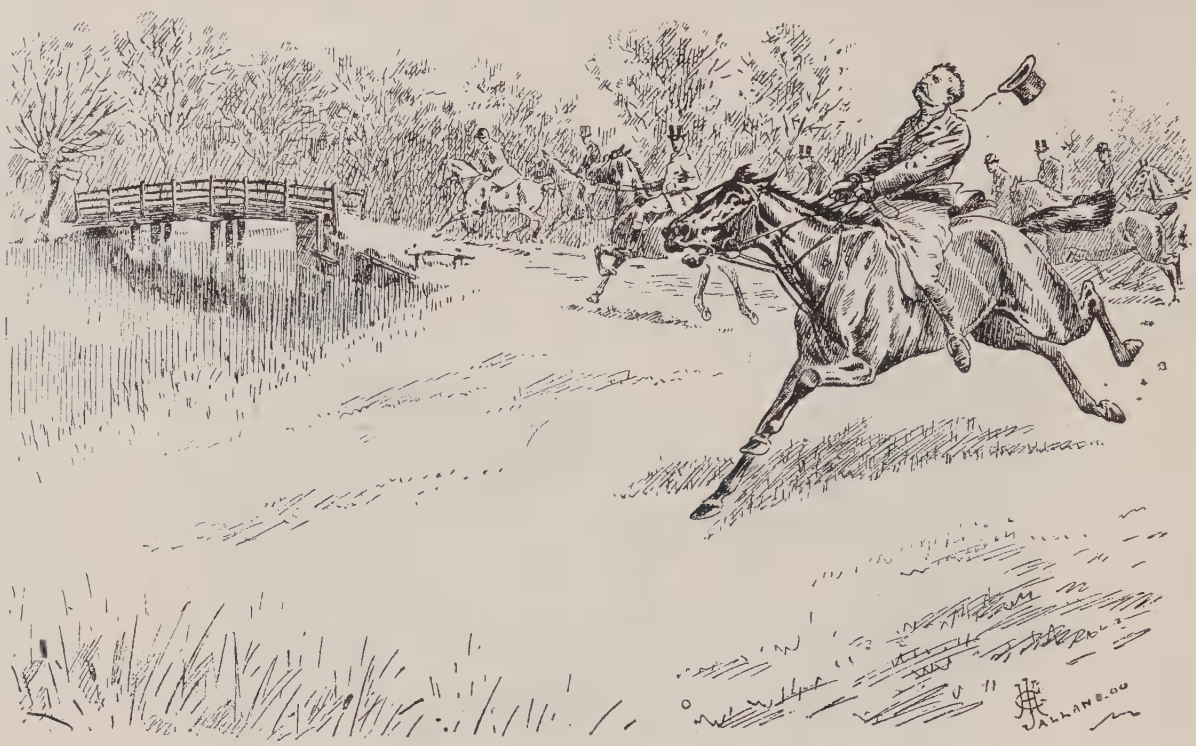
ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

She. "BUT IF YOU SAY YOU CAN'T BEAR THE GIRL, WHY *EVER* DID YOU PROPOSE?"

He. "WELL, HER PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AWFULLY GOOD TO ME, AND IT'S THE ONLY WAY I COULD RETURN THE HOSPITALITY."

A SAFE MORTGAGE.

Angelina. "EDWIN, PROMISE ME YOU'LL NEVER DESCRIBE ME AS YOUR 'RELICT.'"
Edwin. "DEAREST, I NEVER WILL! I'D DIE SOONER!"



COMFORTING, VERY! 1900

Sportsman (who has mounted friend on bolting mare) shouts. "YOU 'RE ALL RIGHT, OLD CHAP! SHE'S NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO REFUSE WATER, AND SWIMS LIKE A FISH!"

THE NOVICE. 1900

Farmer (in cart). "HI, STOP! STOP, YOU FOOL! DON'T YOU SEE MY HORSE IS RUNNING AWAY?"

Driver of Motor-car (hired by the hour). "YES, IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU TO SAY 'STOP,' BUT I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW THE BLOOMING THING WORKS!"

HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

ALWAYS LET YOUR HORSE SEE THAT YOU ARE HIS MASTER.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Little Girl (in carriage, seeing motor for first time). "OH, PAPA! LOOK! THE HORSES HAVE RUN AWAY, AND THERE'S THE CARRIAGE RUNNING AFTER THEM! ISN'T IT FUNNY!"

AFTER A FLOOD.

"BILL, WAS EVERYTHING DROWNED WHAT DIDN'T GO INTO THE ARK?"
"YES, OF COURSE." "WHAT ABOUT FISHES?"

A JUVENILE OFFENDER.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT CUPBOARD, CYRIL?"
"HUSH, AUNTIE! I'M PRETENDING TO BE A THIEF!"

PROSPECTIVE HAPPINESS.

"ISN'T IT DELIGHTFUL WE SHALL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER? I AM NOT THE SORT OF FELLOW TO BORE YOU WITH RECITING SHAKSPEARE OR PLAYING CLASSICAL BOSH ON THE PIANO; BUT MY FARMYARD IMITATIONS ARE RIPPING!"

AT HURLINGHAM.

Captain Smith (who is showing his cousins Polo for the first time). "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"
Millicent. "OH, WE THINK IT IS A *RIPPING* GAME. IT MUST BE SUCH *AWFULLY* GOOD PRACTICE FOR CROQUET!"

THE HARMONY OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

SCENE—A Fancy Bazaar and Fête.

Mrs. Gush (arriving late, to Hon. Secretary). "HOW DO YOU DO? I'M SO GLAD I'VE ARRIVED IN TIME TO SEE THE SHAM FIGHT!"

Hon. Secretary (with hauteur). "I DON'T KNOW OF ANY SHAM FIGHT IN THE PROGRAMME. THIS IS THE MUSICAL RIDE, BY MEMBERS OF THE TENNIS CLUB IN FANCY DRESS."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Edith (with the parasol). "I DO LIKE THIS OUT-OF-THE-WAY SPOT AWFULLY. BUT THERE'S ONE OBJECTION I HAVE TO THE NATIVES—THEY *STARE* SO!"

Her Companion. "REALLY! DO YOU KNOW, THAT'S ONE THING I'VE NEVER NOTICED—AND I'VE BEEN COMING HERE FOR YEARS!"

ETIQUETTE.

"DON'T YER NEVER TAKE THE BABY IN 'YDE PARK?" "NO, HIGNORANT, IT AIN'T THE SEASON!"

TOSS FOR IT.

First Tramp. "WHY DON'T YOU GO IN? 'E 'S ALL RIGHT. DON'T YOU SEE 'IM A-WAGGIN' HIS TAIL?"
Second Tramp. "YUS! 'AN DON'T YOU SEE 'IM A-GROWLIN'? I DUNNO WHICH END TO BELIEVE!"

DANGEROUS EXAMPLES.

Mrs. Long (*who recommended a servant*). "YES, SHE WAS AN EXCELLENT GIRL IN EVERY WAY, EXCEPT SHE WOULD IMITATE ME IN DRESS, AND THINGS LIKE THAT."

Mrs. Short. "AH, YES. I NOTICED SHE BEGAN DOING IT WHEN SHE CAME TO ME; BUT SHE'S GIVEN IT UP NOW."

Mrs. Long. "I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT. I EXPECT SHE SAW SHE WAS MAKING HERSELF RIDICULOUS."

THE ANTIQUARY. 190

Lady Customer (*at Bric-a-brac Shop*). "I THINK YOU ARE VERY, *VERY* DEAR!"
Proprietor. "HUSH! NOT SO LOUD, MISS. MY OLD 'OMAN BE POWERFUL JEALOUS!"

HE HAD BEEN KICKED OUT ONCE. 1903

She. "WHAT TIME BE YOU A-COMING ROUND TO-NIGHT, JOCK?"
Jock. "WOT TIME DOES Y'R OLD MAN PUT 'IS SLIPPERS ON?"

"SLUM UP-TO-DATE." 1904

Polly (to District Visitor). "PLEASE, MISS, MOTHER SAYS SHE'S NOT 'AT 'OME' TO-DAY. YOU SEE SHE'S TRIMMIN' HER 'AT TO GO TO A PARTY."

THE SLACKER. 1907

"UNCLE! I'VE BEEN WATCHING THE MAN IN THE WHITE COAT FOR SOME TIME, AND I DON'T THINK HE'S TRYING!"

A GENTLE HINT. 1903

Little Girl. "MUMMY, I WON'T TELL MR. JONES EVERYONE'S GIVING ME PRESENTS TO-DAY, 'COS P'RAPS HE DOESN'T KNOW IT'S MY BIRTHDAY."

KEEPING THE PLEDGE. 1903

Wife. "YOU ASK 'HOW DID HE GET INTO THIS OBESE STATE?' WELL, DOCTOR, I'LL TELL YOU. HE'S SIGNED A PLEDGE ONLY TO DRINK AT MEALS, AND I'M AFRAID HE'S OVER-EATEN HIMSELF."

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL. 1904

"I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING, MISS BULLION. MY SISTER MAUD'S GOING TO MARRY YOUR BROTHER DICK. BUT DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT 'COS HE DOESN'T KNOW IT HIMSELF YET!"

Q. E. D. 1902

Mr. Moper (ending a very uninteresting story about himself). "AND ALL THAT DREARY TIME, YOU CANNOT *POSSIBLY* IMAGINE HOW MUCH I *BORE!*"
She (wearily). "OH, YES, I CAN INDEED!"

SHEREDITY.

Lady. "YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THIS LITTLE GIRL IS FIT TO WAIT AT TABLE!"

Mother (proudly). "WELL, 'M, SHE *OUGHT* TO BE, SEEIN' AS 'OW 'ER FATHER 'AS BEEN A *PLATE-LAYER* FOR FIVE AND TWENTY YEAR!"

A DILEMMA.

"YOU COULDN'T GIVE I A LIFT, COULD 'EE, MASTER?"

AN OBSTRUCTION.

Husband. "LOOK OUT, KITTY. THERE ARE SOME BIRDS JUST IN FRONT OF YOU!"

Wife (out for the first time). "THEN, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, KEEPER, CALL THAT SILLY DOG OF YOURS! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S STANDING RIGHT IN MY WAY?"

UNDESERVED.

Youth. "MISS STANHOPE, YOU'RE POSITIVELY THE ONLY PERSON I'VE MET TO-DAY WORTH STOPPING TO SPEAK TO."

Miss Stanhope (thoughtlessly). "INDEED! YOU ARE MORE FORTUNATE THAN I AM!"

JUDGMENT RESERVED.

Mabel. "WELL, IT *IS* KIND OF YOU, FREDDIE DEAR, TO ALLOW ME TO DRIVE; AND WHEN WE ARE MARRIED I HOPE YOU WILL CONTINUE ALLOWING ME TO DO SO."

Freddie. "WELL—I DON'T KNOW, DARLING. I THINK, MABEL DEAR, WHEN THAT TIME COMES I SHALL HAVE TO TAKE THE REINS OCCASIONALLY MYSELF."

A BORN FINANCIER. 190

Mother (to Son, who has been growing rather free of speech). "TOMMY, IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO SAY 'HANG IT!' AGAIN, I'LL GIVE YOU SIXPENCE.'

Tommy. "ALL RIGHT, MA. BUT I KNOW ANOTHER WORD THAT 'S WORTH HALF-A-CROWN!"

OUT OF PROPORTION. 1901

Visitor. "AND HAVE YOU ANY UNCLES AND AUNTS?"

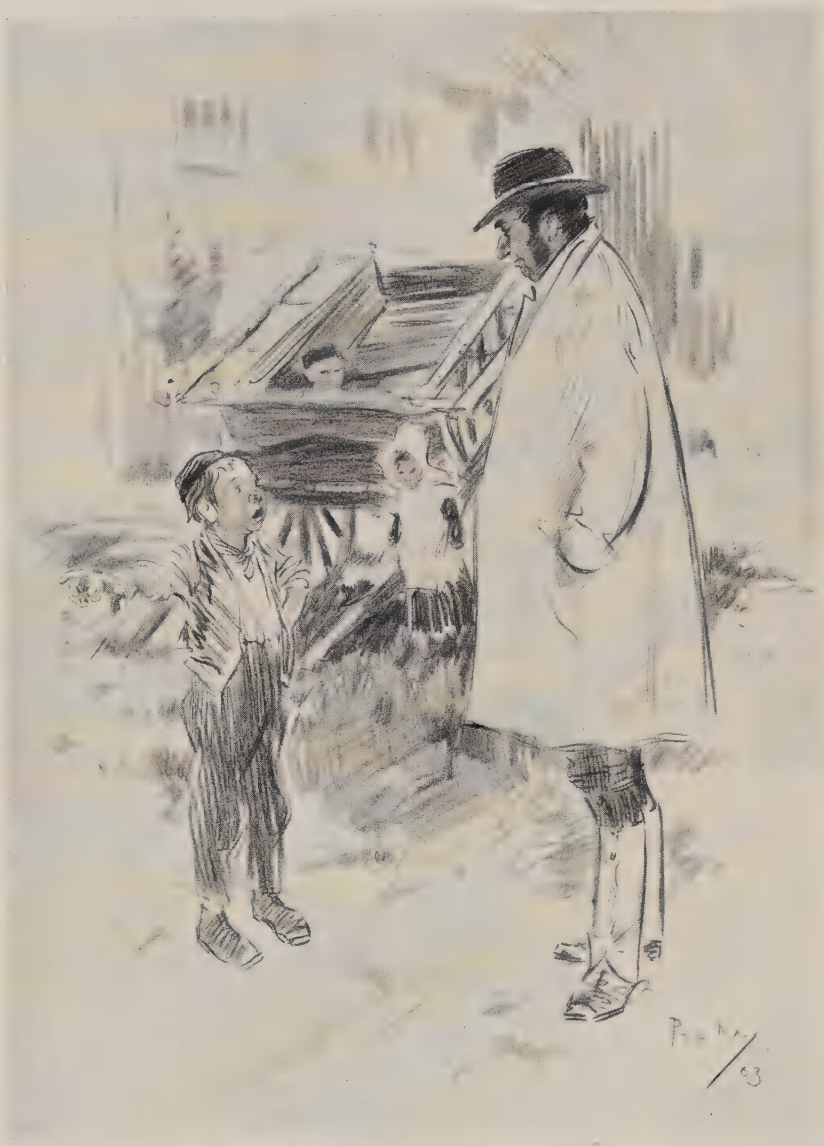
Winifred. "OH, YES, LOTS OF UNCLES AND AUNTS. BUT I'M VERY SCARCE IN GRANDFATHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS!"

A STICKLER FOR ETIQUETTE. 1902

Dolly. "AUNTIE, WILL YOU COME AND CHAPERON ME? MR. SMITH HAS ASKED ME TO GO TO THE CHOCOLATE SHOP, AND I DON'T THINK IT WOULD BE QUITE THE THING TO GO ALONE WITH HIM."

ENVIRONMENT.

Child (in berth of night steamer). "MUMMY, I'M SO SLEEPY. I WANT TO GO TO BED."
Mother. "BUT YOU *ARE* IN BED, DEAR."
Child. "NO, I'M NOT. I'M IN A CHEST OF DRAWERS!"



INVIDIOUS. 1993

Estate Agent (to Labourer's Son). "HERE, MY BOY, WHERE CAN I FIND YOUR FATHER?"
Boy. "IN THE PIG-STYE, SIR. YOU'LL KNOW HIM BY 'IS BROWN 'AT!"

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH.

2 A.M.

Brown (who has taken a shooting-box in the Highlands, and has been "celebrating" his first appearance in a kilt). "WORSHT OF THESE OLE-FASHIONED BESHTEADS IS, THEY TAKE SUCH A LOT OF CLIMBIN' INTO!"

SORRY HE SPOKE.

Son of the House (somewhat of a scorcher—to wealthy old Aunt, who is on a visit). "I SHALL BE GOING THROUGH THE VILLAGE. CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, AUNTIE?"

Aunt Jane. "THANK YOU, DEAR. TAKE FIDO WITH YOU. HE NEEDS A LITTLE RUN!"

NOTHING WANTING.

The Vicar's Daughter. "AWFULLY COLD, ISN'T IT, MRS. MUGGLES?"
Mrs. Muggles. "YES, MY DEAR. BUT, BLESS YE, I'M *LOVELY* AND WARM!"

A TERRIBLE PROSPECT. 1902

Irish Maid. "DO YOU WANT A GOOD BEATING, MASTER JIMMY, OR DO YOU NOT? BECAUSE, IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE YOURSELF THIS MINUTE—*YOU'LL GET BOTH!*"

MR. PUNCH'S APPEAL TO FARMERS AND LAND-OWNERS. 1903

ADOPT THE "MARCONI" OR "WIRELESS" SYSTEM.

SHOWING OFF.

Village Swain. "LOVELY MOON, AIN'T THERE, SALLY?"
Sally (revisiting her home). "NUTHIN' TO WHAT WE 'AS IN TOWN!"

SAVING THE SITUATION.

Effie (to whom a motor-brougham is quite a novelty). "OH, MUMMY DEAR, LOOK! THERE'S A FOOTMAN AND A BIG COACHMAN ON THE BOX, AND THERE ISN'T A HORSE OR EVEN A PONY! WHAT *ARE* THEY THERE FOR?"

Mummy dear (not well versed in electricity and motor-mechanism). "WELL, YOU SEE, EFFIE DEAR—THE— *(by a happy inspiration)* BUT, DEAR, YOU'RE NOT OLD ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND."

TIT FOR TAT. 1901

'Arry. "GOOD MORNING, MOTHER GOOSE!" *Old Woman.* "GOOD MORNING, MY SON!"

ODDS—AND ENDS—AT EPSOM.

Neglected Bookmaker (dismally). "TEN TO ONE BAR TWO! 'ERE YOU ARE. I'LL TAKE PAWN-TICKETS, BANK-NOTES, BUTTONS, ANYTHING!"

A FORLORN HOPE.

Captain O'Dowd (of the Firm of O'Dowd and Jones, Stock-Jobbers). "WHAT'LL I DO NOW? IT'S BEYOND ME JUMPIN' POWERS, AN' IF I WADE I'LL BE WET TO THE WAIST." *(To Private Halloran, who in civil life is a stockbroker's clerk).* "HERE, HALLORAN, I WANT A CARRY OVER. YOU DO IT FOR ME, AN' I'LL NOT FORGET IT TO YOU, ME LAD."

Private Halloran. "SORRY I CAN'T, CAPTAIN. YOU KNOW CARRYIN'-OVER DAY IS NOT TILL THE SIXTEENTH, AN' THIS IS ONLY THE SEVENTH!"

ADDING TO THEIR PLEASURE.

Horsey Wag (to Mr. and Mrs. Tourey, who are walking up a hill). "AND DO YOU ALWAYS TAKE YOUR CYCLES WITH YOU WHEN YOU GO FOR A WALK?"

WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST. 1904

Little Brown. "BEEN RUDE TO YOU, HAS HE? I'LL SOON SETTLE HIM."

Apparition (appearing from behind hedge). "AND MAY I ARSK WOT YOU WANT WITH MY LITTLE BOY, GUV'NOR?"

"APPRECIATIONS," LOCAL. 1900

Vicar's Wife. "I SEE, MRS. FIELDSEND, THAT MARY IS AT HOME AGAIN?"

Mrs. Fieldsend. "YES, M'M. YOU SEE, SHE HAS BEEN A YEAR AT CROWE RECTORY, AND EIGHTEEN MONTHS AT EXHOLME VICARAGE, AND NOW WE WANT HER TO GO INTO A GENTLEMAN'S FAMILY."

THE NAKED TRUTH.

Mother (exhibiting first-born). "DON'T YOU SEE A RESEMBLANCE? LOOK AT OUR FACES SIDE BY SIDE." *Visitor.* "NOTHING COULD BE PLAINER." 1902

AT A CONVERSAZIONE.

Young Lady. "I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW EVERYBODY HERE, MISS ODDIE?"
Miss Oddie. "OH, I KNOW MOST OF THEM. BUT THERE ARE SEVERAL *STRANGE FACES* OVER THERE!"

RECRIMINATION.

Irate Trainer (to Apprentice, who has just lost a race). "MADE YE WORK TOO 'ARD, DID I? NOT FEELING VERY WELL, WERE YE? BE QUITE FIT BY DONCASTER, WILL YE? YOU'LL BE ABOUT FIT TO 'AND ROUND CAKE AT A CAT-SHOW, YOU WILL!"

A NEW EXPERIENCE. 1903

Jones. "HEAVY GOING, EH?"

Tomkins (from town). "YES. WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE COMING BACK?"

QUALIFYING FOR OFFICE. 1901

"WHY WAS BILL JONES MADE CAPTAIN? 'E'S DONE NOTHIN', 'E AIN'T."

"NOTHIN'! OH, AIN'T 'E!! WY, AT THE HOVAL 'E THREW UP THE BALL FROM FOUR BOUND'RY WOT GRACE 'IT!"

MODERN BATTING.

One reason why the University Match is so exhilarating.

Mr. Punch says—"TAKE AWAY EITHER HIS BAT OR HIS PADS, IF HE DOESN'T USE 'EM PROPERLY."

THE EPICURE.

Customer. "THAT DOG I BOUGHT LAST WEEK HAS TURNED OUT VERY SAVAGE. HE 'S ALREADY BITTEN A LITTLE GIRL AND A POLICEMAN, AND——"

Dealer. "LOR! HOW 'E 'S CHANGED, MUM! HE WASN'T AT ALL PARTICULAR WHAT HE ATE 'ERE!"

WHICH?

Skittish Young Thing. "OH, MR. DANKS, YOU MUSTN'T REALLY; THESE HORRID SNAPSHOT THINGS ALWAYS GET JUST MY ONE WEAK POINT!"

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

Bikist. "NOW THEN, ETHEL, SEE ME MAKE A SPURT ROUND THIS CORNER."

First Villager. "WHAT'S UP, BILL?"
Second Villager. "OH, ONLY A GENT AWASHIN' THE DUST OFF HIS BIKE."

MISLEADING INFORMATION.

Second Horseman (on new horse). "WHY DID YOU TELL THE GOVERNOR THIS HORSE NEVER REFUSED WATER?"
Dealer's Lad. "NEITHER 'E WON'T—WHEN IT'S IN A BUCKET!"

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

"OH, I SAY, 'AVE YOU SEEN THE PAPERS ABOUT 'SHALL WE DO WITHOUT SERVANTS?' I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE 'EM TRY, THAT'S ALL!"

"YUS, AND ME TOO!"

THE ANXIOUS DEPOSITOR.

Mrs. O'Brady. "SHURE I WANT TO BANK TWINTY POUNDS. CAN I DRAW IT OUT QUICK, IF I WANT IT?"

Postmaster. "INDADE, MRS. O'BRADY, YOU CAN DRAW IT OUT TO-MORROW IF YOU GIVE ME A WAKE'S NOTICE!"

AN ORIGINAL IDEA. 1903

She. "OH, FRED, CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING *QUITE* NEW TO-NIGHT?—SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY *FRESH?*"

He. "WHY NOT *DINE AT HOME?*"

NO WOUNDS LIKE THE OLD ONES. 190[illegible]

Barber. "HAIR OUT, SIR?"

Customer (who has been there before). "NO. CHIN AND CHEEK, PLEASE."

PREMATURE? 1902

That dear old Mrs. Wilkinson (who can't always express exactly what she means to say, meeting Jones with the girl of his choice). "AND IS THIS YOUNG LADY YOUR *FIASCO*, MR. JONES?"

VICE VERSA.

Elderly, but much "made up" Lady. "I DO THINK IT IS SUCH A PITY THAT SO MANY GIRLS NOWADAYS HAVE SUCH OLD HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS!"

Earnest Youth (thinking this a grand opportunity for a compliment). "OH, THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS. NOW YOU HAVE, IF I MAY SAY SO, A YOUNG HEAD ON OLD SHOULDERS!"

AMENITIES. 1903

Mabel. "DID HE STUTTER WHEN HE PROPOSED?"
Ethel. "NO, I DON'T THINK SO."
Mabel. "REALLY? HE *MUST* HAVE IMPROVED!"

MATRIMONY. 1903

Mrs. Homeleigh. "YOUR HUSBAND IS AT HIS CLUB A GOOD DEAL, ISN'T HE?"
Lady Gadabout. "YES. THE POOR BOY HATES BEING AT HOME ALONE, YOU KNOW."

BROTHERS IN ART. 1902

New Arrival. "WHAT SHOULD I CHARGE FOR TEACHING ZE PIANOFORTE?"
Old Stager. "OH, I DON'T KNOW." *N. A.* "VELL, TELL ME VOT *YOU* CHARGES"
O. S. "*I* CHARGE FIVE GUINEAS A LESSON."
N. A. "HIMMEL! HOW MANY PUPILS HAVE YOU GOT?" *O. S.* "OH, I HAVE NO PUPILS!"

RIVALS OF THE ROAD. 190

Bus Driver (to charioteer of broken-down motor-car). "I'VE BEEN TELLIN' YER ALL THE WEEK TO TAIKE IT 'OME, AN' NOW YER WANTS TO, YER OAWN'T!"

THE RULES OF THE GAME.

Papa (reading paper to Mamma). "MAN HALF-KILLED IN A GLOVE FIGHT."
Jessie. "POOR MAN! I WONDER WHICH HALF IT WAS, BOBBIE?"
Bobbie. "WHY THE TOP HALF, SILLY. THEY MUSTN'T HIT BELOW THE BELT!"

AT THE PARTY. 1902

Uncle George. "DON'T OVER-EAT YOURSELF, JIMMY, MY BOY. I NEVER DID WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE."
Jimmy (sotto voce). "WHEN DID YOU BEGIN, THEN?"

A SURE SIGN OF IMPROVEMENT.

Village Doctor. "WELL, SCROGGINS, I HOPE YOUR WIFE IS MUCH BETTER TO-DAY, EH? HOW IS HER PULSE, EH? AND HOW'S HER TEMPERATURE?"

Scroggins (considering). "WELL, DOCTOR, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HER PULSES, BUT AS FOR HER TEMPER"—*(feelingly)*—"SHE'S GOT A PLENTY OF *THAT* TO-DAY!"

A RELIGIOUS TEST.

Officer. "WELL, MY MAN, WHAT IS YOUR RELIGION?"

Man. "I DUNNO, SIR."

Officer. "COME, COME! WHAT CHURCH DO YOU ATTEND—CHURCH OF ENGLAND, ROMAN CATHOLIC, OR NONCONFORMIST?"

Man. "PLEASE, SIR, I FOLLERS THE BAND!"

HALCYON PROSPECTS.

Romantic Bride (ecstatically). "SUCH A WASTE OF WATERS ALMOST APPALS ME!"
Prudent Husband (fondly). "WHAT A DEAR LITTLE ECONOMIST IT IS!"

BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT.

Lock-keeper (handing ticket). "THREEPENCE, PLEASE."
Little Jenkins. "NOT ME; I'VE JUST PAID THAT FELLOW BACK THERE."
Lock-keeper (drily). "'IM? OH, THAT'S THE CHAP *WHO COLLECTS FOR THE BAND!*"

IN LEAP YEAR. 1904

Hopeless Widower. "NOTHING CAN MEND A BROKEN HEART."
Hopeful Widow. "EXCEPT RE-PAIRING."

SYMPATHETIC. 1903

Toast-master (to Chairman of Public Dinner). "WOULD YOU LIKE TO PROPOSE YOUR TOAST NOW, MY LORD, OR SHOULD WE LET 'EM ENJOY THEMSELVES A BIT LONGER?"

PAINFUL ISOLATION.

Missionary (who is really a "good plucked 'un," though he doesn't look it). "OUR STATION WAS SO REMOTE THAT FOR A WHOLE YEAR MY WIFE NEVER SAW A WHITE FACE BUT MY OWN!"
Sympathetic Young Woman. "OH, POOR THING!"

THE NEW TREATMENT.

Lady Visitor (to old Parishioner). "WELL, MR. HUGGINS, AND HAS THE NURSE BEEN TO SEE YOU YET?"
Old Parishioner. "YES, MUM, THANK 'EE. SHE 'S CALLED ONCE, AN' DONE MY FOOT MORE GOOD THAN ALL THE IMPRECATIONS I 'VE EVER USED!"

DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION.

Bill. "'ULLO, SALLY, GOIN' TO THE THEAYTER?"
Sally (who is wearing her big sister's hat). "COURSE I AIN'T."
Bill. "HO, I THORT P'RAPS YOU WOS, FROM YER MATINAY 'AT!"

ON HIS DIGNITY.

Sam. "MAMMA BOUGHT ME A PAIR OF GLOVES YESTERDAY."
Auntie. "REALLY! WHAT ARE THEY? KIDS?"
Sam. "NO, THEY 'RE MEN'S."

A STICKLER FOR CONSISTENCY. 1902

Mamma. "YOU MUSTN'T BOWL YOUR HOOP IN THE FRONT ON SUNDAY. YOU MUST GO INTO THE BACK GARDEN."

Tommy. "ISN'T IT SUNDAY IN THE BACK GARDEN, MAMMA?"

A RARA AVIS. 1903

Little Girl (finishing her description of the Battle of Cressy). "AND EVER SINCE THEN THE PRINCE OF WALES HAS BEEN BORN WITH FEATHERS!"

A STRANGER TO ART. 1902

Lady (artistic). "HOW I ENVY YOU LIVING HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF CONSTABLE'S COUNTRY!"

M. F. H. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOUR FRIEND CONSTABLE IS, BUT I THINK HE'S PRETTY COOL SAYING THIS IS HIS COUNTRY. WHY, I'VE HUNTED IT FOR TWENTY YEARS, AND HOPE TO PUT IN TWENTY MORE!"

OPPORTUNITY. 1900

Viator (to Countryman, who has just slipped and fallen heavily). "LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND UP, MY MAN."

Countryman. "NAW, THANKEE, SIR: NOW OI ARE DOWN OI THINK OI'LL SET AWHILE."

AN IDYLL. 1906

"SOFT EYES LOOKED LOVE TO EYES WHICH SPAKE AGAIN."—*Childe Harold.*

THE LAST STRAW. 1909

Giles. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT 'TIS COMIN' TO! POOR BILL'S GONE, YER AUNT EMMA'S BROKE 'ER LEG, YER POOR OLD MOTHER'S VERY ILL, AN' NOW, DANG IT ALL, *THERE'S A FOWL DEAD!*"

MR. AND MRS. JONES'S WALKING TOUR. 1904

(At the Shakspeare Hotel.)

Voice from the Office. "PORTER, TAKE THIS LADY AND GENTLEMAN TO THE ROMEO AND JULIET ROOM."

G. L. STAMPA

HIS SHARE OF THE WORK. 1902

Lady (district visiting). "YOUR WIFE IS ALWAYS HARD AT WORK, AND YOU SEEM TO BE ALWAYS IDLING. DO YOU *EVER* DO ANYTHING TO SUPPORT YOUR HOUSE?"

Ruffian. "YUS. OI *LEANS* AGIN IT!"

SHOW SUNDAY.

Brown (trying to find something to admire in Smudge's painting). "BY JOVE, OLD CHAP, THOSE FLOWERS ARE BEAUTIFULLY PUT IN."
Smudge. "YES; MY OLD FRIEND—THINGUMMY—'R. A.' YOU KNOW, PAINTED THEM IN FOR ME."

ON A BRANCH LINE.

Irish Porter (thrusting his head into a compartment as the train stops at small, dingy, ill-lit country station). "IS THUR ANNYBODY THERE FOR *HERE?*"

REASON IN ALL THINGS.

Major Peppercorn (tenant of the other side, to Brown, who has slipped in). "CONFOUND IT ALL, SIR, IF YOU MUST FALL IN, YOU NEEDN'T SPOIL THE BEST CAST IN THE RIVER!"

FINISHING TOUCHES.

Facetious Tourist. "I WONDER HOW MUCH WHISKEY IT TOOK TO PAINT THAT NOSE OF YOURS, PAT?"
Pat. "SHURE, YER HONOUR, AND IT'S JUST THAT LITTLE DROP THAT'S WANTIN' TO VARNISH IT!"

THE TERTIUM QUID.

"DO YOU KNOW, MABEL, I BELIEVE IF I WEREN'T HERE, CAPTAIN SPOONER WOULD KISS YOU."
"LEAVE THE ROOM THIS INSTANT, YOU IMPERTINENT LITTLE BOY!"

MORE AMALGAMATION.

Parish Councillor. "WULL, I DO VOATE THAT THE TWO PARISHES BE MARMALADED."
Chairman. "OUR WORTHY BROTHER COUNCILLOR MEANS, I UNDERSTAND, THAT THE TWO PARISHES SHOULD BE *JAMMED TOGETHER!*"

THE RETURN INVITATION.

"PLEASE, MRS. SUBBUBS, MAMMA SAYS SHE'LL BE GLAD IF YOU'LL COME TO TEA ON MONDAY."
"WITH PLEASURE, BESSIE. TELL YOUR MOTHER IT'S REALLY TOO KIND——"
"OH, NO! MAMMA SAYS SHE'LL BE GLAD WHEN IT'S OVER."

RESPONSIBILITY.

She. "IT'S VERY GOOD OF YOU TO COME WITH ME. DO YOU ALWAYS SEE PEOPLE HOME THAT CALL AT YOUR HOUSE?"

He. "I GENERALLY DO IF THEY'RE *GIRLS*. 'COS, YOU SEE, THEY NEED A MAN TO LOOK AFTER THEM, 'SPECIALLY IF IT'S A BIT LATE."

THE POET GOETH GUNNING.

HOT WORK. "HARE UP!"

GUILDERSTEIN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Guilderstein. "MISSED AGAIN! AND DAT FELLOW, HOGGENHEIMER, COMIN' ON MONDAY, TOO! WHY DIDN'T I WIRE TO LEADENHALL FOR AN 'AUNCH, AS BETTY TOLD ME!"

OUT FOR HIS HEALTH.

Major Oldport (who is hunting by doctor's orders). "THIS MAY BE GOOD FOR THE LIVER, BUT IT'S DOOSID HARD ON THE OTHER MEMBERS!"

SOMETHING THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Mrs. Brown (being helped out of a brook by the gallant Captain, who has also succeeded in catching her horse). "OH, CAPTAIN ROBINSON! THANK YOU *SO* MUCH!"

Gallant, but somewhat flurried, Captain. "NOT AT ALL—DON'T MENTION IT." *(Wishing to add something excessively polite and appropriate).* "ONLY HOPE I MAY SOON HAVE ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY OF DOING THE SAME AGAIN FOR YOU."

INGRATITUDE.

Nervous Youth (to charming girl, who has been trying to set him at his ease). "HE, HE! I ALWAYS—HA—FEEL RATHER SHY WITH PRETTY GIRLS, Y' KNOW, BUT I'M *QUITE* AT HOME WITH YOU!"

SO COUSINLY. 1904

Heavy Hugh (patronisingly). "WHY, DORA! LONG FROCKS, EH? GROWN UP, I DECLARE!"
Sharp Little Dora. "WHY, HUGH! MOUSTACHES! GROWN *DOWN*, I DECLARE!"

REGATTACA FESTA HENLIANA. 1900

(From a rare old Roman Frieze (not) in ye British Museum.)

TROOPING OF YE COLOUR DURING YE ROMAN PERIOD. 1900

(From a rare old Frieze (not) in ye British Museum.)

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE SAID TO SOMEONE ELSE.

Little Bounderby (to complete stranger, after tasting champagne). "DON'T THINK MUCH OF THIS STUFF, OLD MAN. EH, WHAT?"
Complete Stranger (who happens to be a son of the house). "THE MATER *WILL* BE SORRY TO HEAR THAT, I'M SURE."

A MATTER OF OPINION. 1902

Customer. "I THINK YOU SHOULD BEGIN TO CHARGE ME HALF PRICE, SHEARS, THERE 'S SO LITTLE TO OUT NOW."

Shears. "OTHER WAY ON, SIR, I FANCY. WE OUGHT TO CHARGE DOUBLE. LOOK AT THE TROUBLE I HAVE TO FIND IT!"

TASTES DIFFER.

Butcher. "WELL, MY LITTLE DEAR, AN' WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Little Dear. "'TAIN'T WOT *HI* WANTS! *HI* WANTS A DIMIND DOG OOLLAR, AN' A BRO'M, AN' A PERMININT PARSE TO THE MUSIC 'ALL. BUT IT AIN'T WOT *HI* WANTS, IT 'S WOT *MUVVER* WANTS, AN' *SHE* WANTS 'ARF A POUND OFF THE SCRAGGY END OF A NECK O' MUTTON, ON THE NOD TILL MONDAY!"

A COMEDY ON THE SANDS.

Little Girl, having deposited small baby near Smith, rapidly makes off to join her companions.

Smith. "HERE! TAKE IT AWAY AT ONCE. YOU MUSTN'T LEAVE IT HERE!"

Little Girl. "I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T MIND. YOU'RE SUCH A NICE SOFT-LOOKING GENTLEMAN."

A CONFUSION OF IDEAS.

Effie (having overheard her Father's conversation). "MUMMY DEAR, YOU SAID 'HIGH BIRDS WERE NASTY.' HOW DID PAPA MANAGE ONLY TO GET 'HIGH BIRDS' TO SHOOT AT TO-DAY? HE SAYS SO."

Brother (with superior knowledge). "WHY, OF COURSE, SILLY, IT'S THE HEN THAT LAYS STALE EGGS!"

AN ENEMY OF PROGRESS.

Hodge (in reply to appeal for help). "THEE TAK' MY ADVOICE, MEASTER, AN' LEAVE UN' THERE!"

"FLATTERING UNCTION."

Mrs. Noovoriche. "YES, MY DEARS, I GAVE A HUNDRED GUINEAS FOR THIS GOWN! PRETTY FIGURE, ISN'T IT?"
Chorus (after due inspection). "SIMPLY AWFUL!"

YOUNG SCOTLAND YARD.

Lady (solemnly). "WHEN YOU SEE A BOY ALWAYS LOAFING ROUND STREET CORNERS WHAT PLACE IN LIFE DO YOU SUPPOSE HE IS FITTING HIMSELF FOR?"

Boy. "TO BE A POLICEMAN, M'M!"

A FATAL WEAKNESS.

The Rector's Daughter. "MY FATHER FEELS IT VERY MUCH, MRS. BARKER, THAT YOU SHOULD LEAVE THE CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY JUST BEFORE THE SERMON. DON'T YOU THINK YOU MIGHT TRY AND STAY IN FUTURE?"

Mrs. Barker. "I DURSN'T DO IT, MISS. *I DO SNORE THAT DREADFUL WHEN I'M ASLEEP!*"

PAL MAL /
/ 1902.

UNDAUNTED. 1902

Manager of "Freak" Show. "HAVE I GOT A VACANCY FOR A GIANT? WHY, YOU DON'T LOOK FIVE FEET!"

Candidate. "YES, THAT'S JUST IT. I'M THE SMALLEST GIANT ON RECORD!"

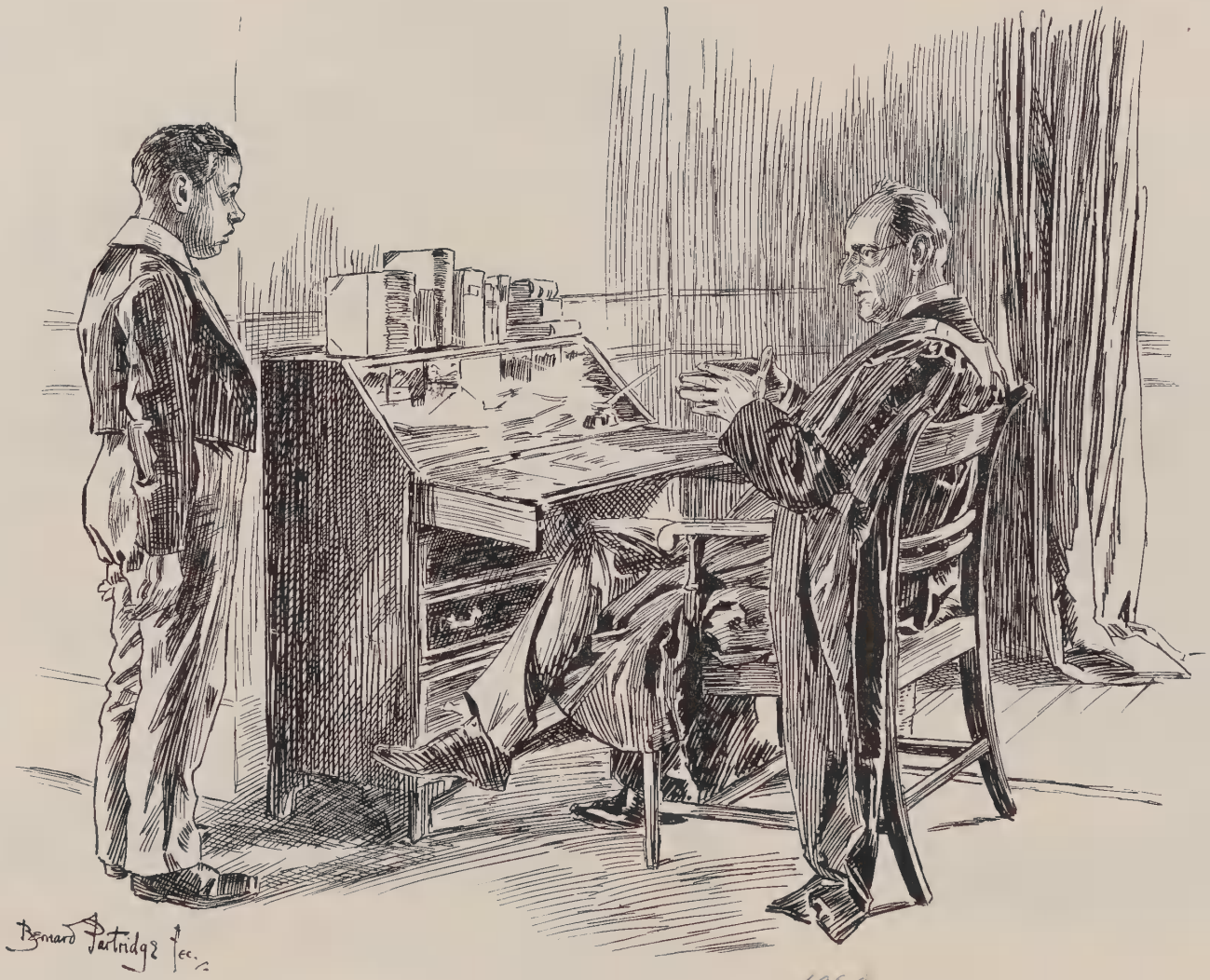
THE LITTLE IRISHMAN.

Mike (who has been looking at the Moon). "I THINK, NURSE, THERE'S SO MUCH LIGHT IN THE ROOM TO-NIGHT, I'LL JUST GO TO BED IN THE DARK!"

A SENSE OF PROPORTION.

Doctor. "WELL, YOU GOT THOSE LEECHES I SENT FOR YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. GILES?"

Mrs. Giles. "YES, ZUR; BUT WHAT ON EARTH BE THE GOOD O' SENDING THEY LITTLE THINGS VOR A GIRT BIG CHAP LIKE HE? I JES' TOOK AN' CLAPPED A FERRET ON 'UN!"



WHAT'S IN A NAME! 1900

Master (taking roll of new boys). "YES—AND WHAT IS YOUR CHRISTIAN NAME?" [*Corpulent Youth maintains a stony silence.*

Master. "COME, COME. WHAT DO THEY CALL YOU AT HOME?" *Corpulent Youth (brightening).* "BEEF, SIR?"

A FINE SPIRIT.

Guest. "THIS IS A CAPITAL GLASS OF PORT!"

Host. "AH, MY BOY, IT'S NOT A PATCH ON SOME THAT I'VE GOT IN MY CELLAR!"

A MODERN TRAGEDY. 1902

"WHAT'S WONG? A DOOSE OF A THING'S HAPPENED! MY NEW FELLOW HAS FOLDED ALL MY TWOUSERS WITH THE CWEASE DOWN THE SIDE, DON'TCHERKNOW!"

THE LAGGARD. 1900

"HECTOR ALEXANDER MACFAURLANE, YE'RE JUST DRIVIN' ME TO DESPERATION!"

THE GHOST. 1904

"DOOM'D FOR A CERTAIN TERM TO WALK THE NIGHT."—*Hamlet*, ACT I., SC. 5.

A SINGLE FIGURE.

(And likely to remain so.)

THE PROGRESS OF EDUCATION.

Fond Mother. "WHY ARE YOU SO LATE, BABBAGE? I'VE BEEN QUITE ANXIOUS ABOUT YOU."

Babbage. "NO NECESSITY FOR ALARM, MOTHER. MY PROFESSOR DETAINED ME FOR A SHORT PERIOD BECAUSE HE FANCIED I WAS SLIGHTLY IMPERFECT IN MY LOGARITHMS."

THE VALENTINE.

"'ERE 'S A PRETTY GO! I CAN'T REACH 'ERE, AND IF I TAKE IT TO THE POST-OFFICE THEY 'LL KNOW WHO SENT IT!"

THE REASON WHY. 190

Cheerful Beginner (who has just smashed the Colonel's favourite driver). "OH, *NOW* I SEE WHY YOU HAVE TO CARRY SO MANY CLUBS!"

JUST INDIGNATION.

Master Reggie (who has been presented with the brush on his first appearance in the field). "OH, I SAY, EFFIE! THIS IS HARD LINES! I'VE JUMPED THREE DITCHES AND FIVE FENCES, AND COME IN ALL BUT FIRST, AND HERE THEY'VE GIVEN ME THE TAIL! I *DO* THINK THEY MIGHT HAVE GIVEN ME THE HEAD."

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Mabel (à propos of new Evening Dress, which has just arrived from the Dressmaker). "OH, MOTHER, HOW LOVELY! DO WEAR IT TO-NIGHT!"

Mother. "NO, DEAR, NOT TO NIGHT. THIS IS FOR WHEN LADIES AND GENTLEMEN COME TO DINNER."

Mabel. "MOTHER, DEAR, *DO* LET'S PRETEND, *JUST* FOR ONCE, THAT FATHER'S A GENTLEMAN!"

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

"UNCLE FITZ-MIDAS HAD QUARRELLED WITH US—WE WERE ESTRANGED. WE VENTURED TO INVITE HIM AT CHRISTMAS TIME—HE ACCEPTED. WITH DELIGHT WE *OFFERED HIM THE OLIVE BRANCH*. . . . . WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE, AND THERE IS AN END OF OUR GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

[Extract from despairing letter of Georgina to dear friend.

WHAT MAKES THE MAN.

Big Brother. "LOOK HERE, BILLY, IT'S NO GOOD *YOU* HANGING ROUND. YOU STAND NO CHANCE WITH MISS SMITH IN THOSE TOGS. ANYBODY CAN SEE THEY'RE MINE OUT DOWN FOR YOU."

Little Brother. "MY DEAR FELLOW, IT'S NOT *CLOTHES*, IT'S *BRAINS* THAT TELL!"

WHAT TOMMY OVERHEARD.

Mrs. Jinks. "THAT'S SIGNOR SCRAPESKI JUST PASSED. HE PLAYS THE VIOLIN LIKE AN ANGEL."

Tommy. "MUMMY, DEAR, DO THE ANGELS SAY 'DAM' WHEN A STRING BREAKS?"

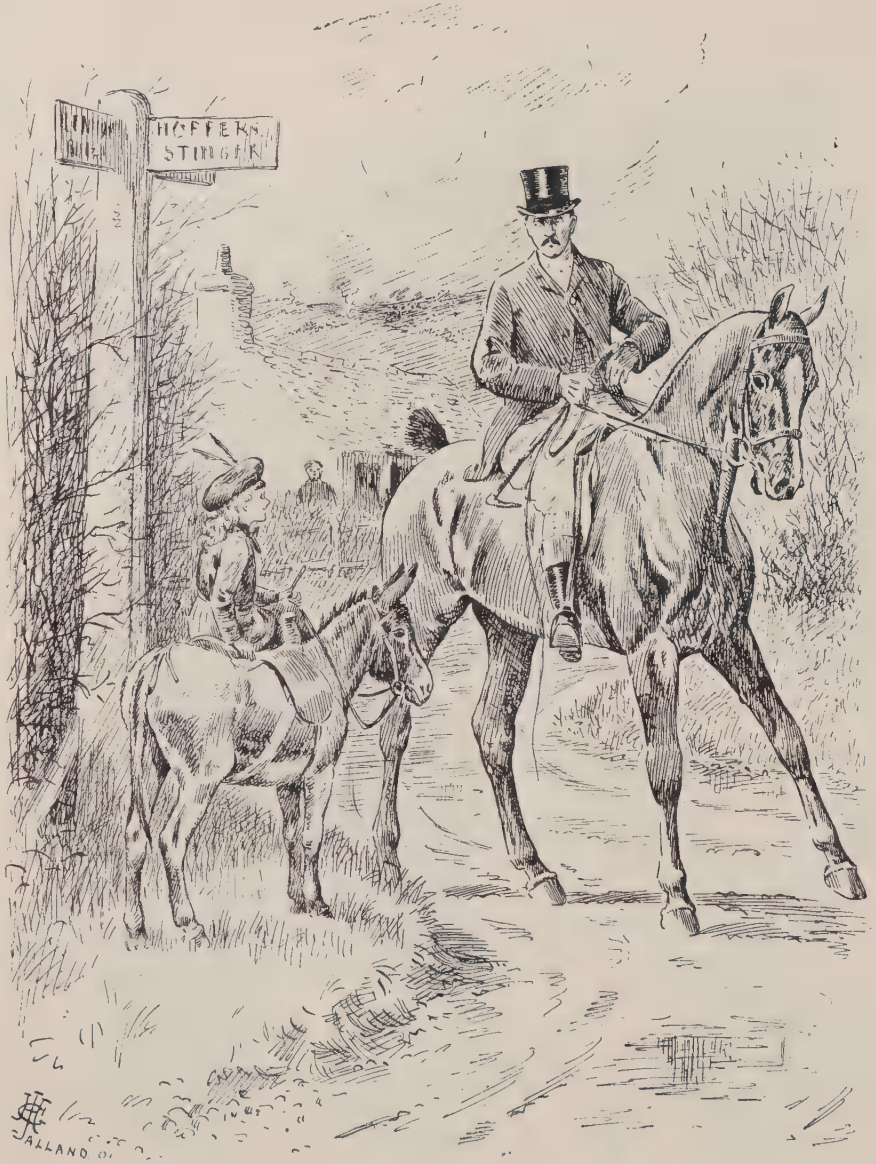
TOO ADVANCED. 1902

Lady (to Bird Fancier). "I MUST GET YOU TO CHANGE THAT PARROT, MR. CHICKWEED. I'VE ONLY HAD HIM A WEEK, BUT QUITE HALF A DOZEN TIMES HE HAS SHOCKED MY VISITORS WITH HIS *HORRIBLE* LANGUAGE!"

Bird Fancier. "I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ONE THAT WAS QUICK TO LEARN, MA'AM!"

A DRASTIC MEASURE.

Old Lady (to District Visitor). "IT 'S MY 'EAD THAT 'S BEEN TROUBLIN' ME SO, MISS, BUT THE DOCTOR HE SAYS 'YOU TAKE THESE 'EBE PILLS AND YOU 'LL SOON SHAKE IT OFF!'"



HARD LUCK. 1901

Small Child (to Mr. Sparkin, who had come out at an unusually early hour in order to meet his inamorata at the guide-post, and pilot her out cub-hunting). "I WAS TO TELL YOU SHE HAS SUCH A BAD COLD SHE COULDN'T COME. BUT I'M GOING WITH YOU INSTEAD, IF YOU PROMISE TO TAKE CARE OF ME. I'M HER COUSIN, YOU KNOW!"

THE RULE OF THE ROAD: EASTER MONDAY. 1903

"I HOPE YOU ARE NOT HURT. BUT IT WAS ENTIRELY YOUR OWN FAULT. WHY DIDN'T YOU DRIVE ON YOUR RIGHT SIDE?"

"WHY, THAT'S JUST WHERE I *WAS* A-DRIVING! D'YER THINK I DON'T KNOW RIGHT FROM LEFT, MISTER HIGNORANCE!"

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION.

He. "YOU CLIMED ZE MATTERHORN? ZAT WAS A GREAT FOOT."
She. "GREAT FEAT YOU MEAN, COUNT."
He. "AH! ZEN YOU CLIMBED HIM MORE AS ONCE!"

A GOOD SHOT.

Mr. Pipsqueak (more proficient with the "long-bow" than the shot-gun). "YESTERDAY I BROUGHT HOME *SEVEN BRACE.* NOT BAD, YER KNOW! FIRED ONLY *FIFTEEN* CARTRIDGES. TO-DAY HAVEN'T GOT A SINGLE BIRD. NONE TO BE SEEN."
Horrid Boy. "COURSE NOT. IT'S EARLY CLOSING DAY AND ALL THE SHOPS ARE SHUT UP!"
[Mr. Pipsqueak wishes "horrid boys" were shut up also.

"A LITTLE LEARNING."

'Arry (who has had a toss). "I SAY, MISTER, JUST TELL ME WHAT TO DO NEXT, WILL YER? I'VE SAT ON 'IS 'EAD FOR ABOUT A QUARTER OF AN HOUR"

PERSONAL. 1901

Fair Cyclist. "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO HIGHAM UPLEY, PLEASE?"

Rustic. "YOU 'VE ONLY GOT TO FOLLER YER NOSE, MISS, BUT YOU 'LL FIND IT UP'ILL WORK!"

QUOTATIONS GONE WRONG.

"LIFE HAS PASSED WITH ME BUT ROUGHLY SINCE I HEARD THEE LAST." *Cowper.*

THE ABUSE OF FAMILIAR PHRASES.

"ARE YOU COMING DOWN?" "YES!" "WELL, HURRY UP!"

NOT UNLIKELY.

"WELL, WELL! AND WAS BABY FRIGHTENED OF HIS DADDY, DEN!"

UNPARDONABLE. 1901

Fond Parents. "ISN'T HE A FINE LITTLE CHAP?"
Prize Idiot. "RUMMY LITTLE SHRIMP, I CALL IT. *HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD IT?*"

CANDOUR. 1901

"I'VE JUST LEFT MR. BRAYNE, AND IT'S QUITE A RELIEF TO MEET *YOU*. HE IS *SO* INTELLECTUAL, YOU KNOW!"

A PLEASANT PROSPECT. 1901

Miss Sere. "OH, MY DEAR MISS BELLE, I'VE BEEN THROUGH THE SAME ILLNESS MYSELF, AND THERE IS NO REASON WHY, IN A FEW WEEKS' TIME, YOU SHOULDN'T LOOK AS WELL AS I DO!"

NOT A NICE WAY OF PUTTING IT. 1901

She. "OH, DR. PILLSBURY, I AM SO ANXIOUS ABOUT POOR MRS. PERKINS. SHE IS IN YOUR HANDS, IS SHE NOT?"

Dr. Pillsbury. "SHE WAS; BUT I HAVE LEFT OFF ATTENDING HER FOR THE PRESENT."

She. "OH, THAT'S GOOD! SHE IS OUT OF DANGER THEN!"

OVERHEARD AT PORTSMOUTH.

Jack. "WELL, POLLY LASS, IF IT'S TRUE AS 'OW YOU'RE GOING TO GET SPLICED TO BILL, ALL I 'OPES IS THAT HE'LL STICK TO YOU THROUGH THICK AND THIN!"

Polly. "WELL, 'E *OUGHT* TO, JACK. 'E WORKS IN A GLUE FACTORY."

SYMPATHETIC.

Young Wife (rather nervously). "OH, COOK, I MUST REALLY SPEAK TO YOU. YOUR MASTER IS ALWAYS COMPLAINING. ONE DAY IT IS THE SOUP, THE SECOND DAY IT IS THE FISH, THE THIRD DAY IT IS THE JOINT—IN FACT, IT IS ALWAYS SOMETHING OR OTHER."

Cook (with feeling). "WELL, MUM, I'M TRULY SORRY FOR YOU. IT MUST BE QUITE *HAWFUL* TO LIVE WITH A GENTLEMAN OF THAT SORT."

UNTHINKABLE.

First Youthful Briton (watching football match). "FANCY ME AND YOU WASTIN' OUR SATURDAY AFTERNOONS MESSIN' ABOUT WITH A RIFLE. EH, WHAT?"

Second ditto. "NOT US!"

WRONG DOCTOR.

Doctor. "DON'T FEEL WELL, EH? APPETITE ALL RIGHT?"

Tommie. "EAT LIKE A WOLF, SIR."

Doctor. "SLEEP WELL?"

Tommie. "AS SOUND AS A DOG, SIR."

Doctor. "OH, YOU'D BETTER SEE THE VET!"

UNNECESSARY QUESTIONS.

Lady (with gun). "AM I HOLDING THE THING RIGHT?"

BADGER DIGGING.

Enthusiast. "NOW THEN, IF HE SHOULD BOLT OUT THAT SIDE, ALL YOU 'VE GOT TO DO IS JUST TO FREEZE ON TO HIS TAIL TILL I CAN GET ROUND. AND MIND HE DOESN'T GET HOLD OF YOU!"

RATES AND TAXES.

Ronald. "MOTHER, IS THERE A TAX ON BABIES?"

Mother. "NO, RONALD. WHY?"

Ronald. "BECAUSE, MOTHER, IN THE PAPER IT SAYS THAT THE BIRTH RATE IS LOWER THIS MONTH!"

"LE ROI S'AMUSE."

IN A WEAK MOMENT CAPTAIN JONES VOLUNTEERS TO PLAY WITH THE BABY. THIS IS THE RESULT, AND THE WORST OF IT IS, ITS FATHER AND MOTHER THINK HE IS *ENJOYING HIMSELF!*"

MISTLETOE MEM. 1901

Maude (much exercised on perceiving a very delicate pencil line of down). "WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD A MOUSTACHE ON YOUR LIP?"

Clare (entirely occupied with her own reflections). "WELL, IF HE WERE NICE, I SHOULD KEEP VERY QUIET!"

PROBABLY. 1901

He. "I HOPE THERE ARE NO BULLS IN HERE. I CAN'T RUN AS FAST AS I USED TO."

She. "I'M TOLD THAT'S THE WORST THING TO DO. I THINK IF YOU STAND AND LOOK AT THEM, IT'S ENOUGH TO SEND THEM AWAY!"

HISTORY REVISED. 1901

Auntie. "NOW, DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT GUY FAWKES, LAST TIME?"
Freddy. "YES; HE WAS A VERY BAD MAN."
Auntie. "WELL, WHAT DID HE DO?"
Freddy. "HE BLEW UP THE *PARLOURMAID!*"

WASTED SYMPATHY. 1903

Kind-hearted Lady. "POOR CHILD! WHAT A DREADFULLY SWOLLEN CHEEK YOU HAVE! IS IT A TOOTH?"
Poor Child (with difficulty). "NO 'M—IT'S A SWEET!"

INEXPRESSIBLE. 1903

Master Jack (son of M. F. H., much upset by hard weather). "GO SKATING WITH YOU! NOT IF I KNOW IT. MAY BE ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU WOMEN AND THOSE CURATE CHAPS—BUT WE HUNTING MEN, BY GEORGE!!!"

A CASUAL GLANCE. 1903

He. 'DID YOU NOTICE THAT WOMAN WHO JUST PASSED?'

She. "WHAT, THE ONE WITH THE DYED HAIR AND FALSE TEETH, AND NASTY READY-MADE CLOTHES ON, ALL TIED UP WITH RIBBONS AND THINGS? NO, I DIDN'T NOTICE HER PARTICULARLY."

SO SWEET OF HER! 1983

Lady (recently married, in answer to congratulations of visiting lady friend). "THANK YOU, DEAR. BUT I STILL FIND IT VERY HARD TO REMEMBER MY NEW NAME."
Friend. "AH, DEAR, BUT OF COURSE YOU HAD THE OLD ONE SO LONG!"

KINDLY MEANT. 1904

Young Noodle "OH, DO HAVE ANOTHER SANDWICH, MISS SWAN. YOU HAVE SUCH A LONG WAY TO EAT—I MEAN SUCH A LONG WAY TO GO!"

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING. 1904

Wife (to struggling husband half-way up stairs). "MAKE HASTE, ARCHIE. DON'T DAWDLE. WE SHALL BE FRIGHTFULLY LATE!"

ANOTHER INJUSTICE.

Diminutive "Nipper." "'ERE, THIS AIN'T ARF ALL RIGHT! NEX' TIME I WANTS ARF A PINT I SHALL 'AVE TO SEND FATHER!"

A MAN WITH A PAST.

"THAT NEW BOY'S A BAD BOY, TEACHER. HE SMOKES!"
"NO, I DON'T SMOKE *NOW*, TEACHER *I USED* TO!"

FULLY EXPLAINED. 1904

"POOR FREDDIE! DID YOUR MOTOR THROW YOU OUT?"
"OH, NO! I'VE BEEN TEACHING MY WIFE TO PLAY GOLF!"

ONE IN, ONE OUT. 1904

She. "HOW'S THE MOTOR-CAR GETTING ON, SIR CHARLES?"
He. "WELL, FACT IS, I'VE SEEN VERY LITTLE OF IT. YOU SEE, I'VE ONLY HAD IT THREE MONTHS, AND WHEN IT ISN'T IN HOSPITAL, I AM!"

BEDTIME.

Little Effie (not at all inclined to go to sleep—to Nurse, who is about to switch off the electric light).

"OH PLEASE, NANNA, *DON'T TURN ON THE DARK!*"

LUCID.

"WHAT IS IT, MUMMY DEAR?" "A MUMMY, DEAR."

SAMPLED. 1901

Old Gentleman (to James, whom he has recently promoted from the farm to be his body-guard). "JAMES GO UP TO MY STUDY, AND IN THE THIRD DRAWER FROM THE TOP YOU WILL SEE——"

James. "CIGARS, SIR?"

O. G. "YES. HOW DID YOU FIND THEM?"

James. "VERY GOOD, SIR!"

NEUTER GENDER. 1900

Kind Old Gent (to child in infant School of Mixed Girls and Boys). "YOU ARE A LITTLE GIRL, AREN'T YOU?"

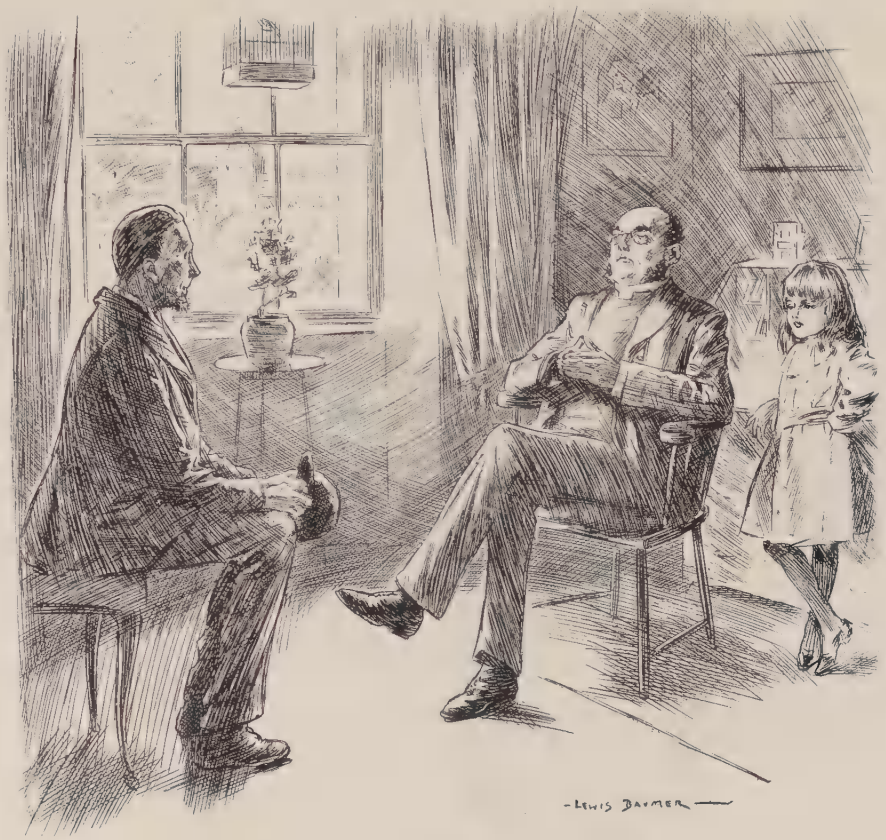
Child. "NO, SIR."

K. O. G. "LITTLE BOY, THEN?"

Child. "NO, SIR."

K. O. G. "THEN WHAT ARE YOU?"

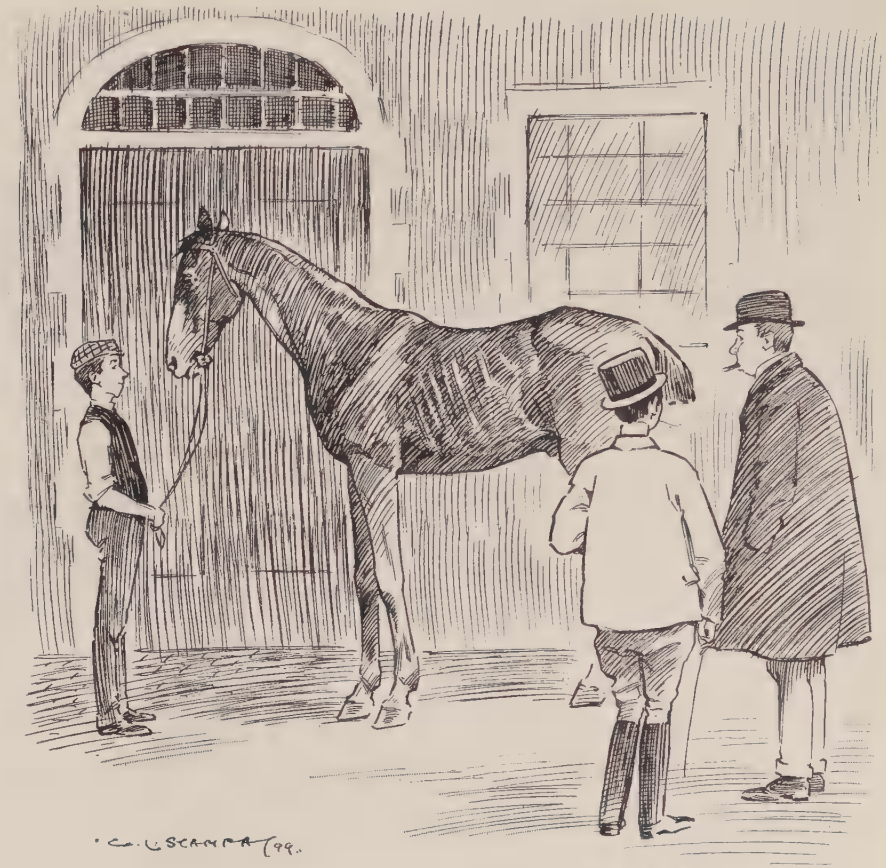
Child "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I AM A 'JUNIOR MIXED.'"



MAKING SURE OF IT.

Vicar of Country Parish (interviewing new verger). "NOW, MR. JONES, WITH REGARD TO THE COLLECTIONS. WHEN THERE IS A SERMON, I SHALL WANT YOU TO MAKE THE COLLECTION IMMEDIATELY AFTER; AND WHEN——"

Mr. Jones (anxious to appear intelligent). "YESSIR, I QUITE UNDERSTAND YOU, SIR; AND WHEN THERE IS NOT A SERMON, SIR, THE COLLECTION TAKES PLACE *IMMEDIATELY BEFORE!*"



AN ART CRITICISM.

"NOW, DON'T YOU CALL HIM A PERFECT PICTURE?"

"WELL, IT SEEMS TO ME THE PICTURE IS SPOILT BY SO MUCH FRAMEWORK."

A PROOF OF AFFECTION. 1903

Proud Father (to Son, who is showing a decided leaning to the artistic). "NOW, WILLIE, MY BOY, I WANT TO SEE IF YOU CAN DRAW ME, JUST AS I STAND."

Willie. "OH, DADDY! I—I LOVE YOU TOO MUCH!"

EASILY PLEASED.

The Oldest Inhabitant (female) to Paterfamilias, who has taken to snap-shotting, and has been "fiddling about" with his finder, and focusing, &c., for the last ten minutes). "I CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU BE A-*PLAYIN'*, SIR, BEING HARD O' HEARIN'; BUT THANKEE KINDLY, SIR, ALL THE SAME!"

YE RAILWAY STATION DURING YE HOLIDAY TIME IN YE ROMAN PERIOD.

(From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.)

A LEVEE DURING YE ROMAN PERIOD. INTRA ET EXTRA.

(From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.)

A BIG PILL. 1904

"WHAT IS IT, MY PET?"
"OH, MUM—MUMMY—I DREAMT I'D SW-SWALLOWED MYSELF. HAVE I?"

"THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER." 1904

George (Itinerant Punch-and-Judy Showman). "I SAY, BILL, SHE *DO* DRAW!"
Bill (his partner, with drum and box of puppets). "H'M—IT'S MORE THAN *WE* CAN!"

CRITICAL.

Boatman (spelling). "P-S-Y-C-H-E. WELL, THAT'S THE RUMMEST WAY I EVER SEE O' SPELLIN' *FISH!*"

ON THE RIVER.

"I SAY, YOU GIRLS, WE SHALL BE OVER IN A SECOND, AND IF YOU CAN'T SWIM BETTER THAN YOU PUNT, I'M AFRAID I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO SAVE BOTH OF YOU!"

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)

"I HAVE BEEN DREAMING OF A THING LIKE THEE."—*Wade.*

A BIG ORDER.

Stout Party (to waitress). "PUT ME ON A PANCAKE, PLEASE!"

IN HEARTY AGREEMENT.

Farmer. "THERE'S NO NEED TO ASK WHERE YOU'VE A-BIN 'ANGING ABOUT ALL THIS TIME,—YOU'VE A-BIN AT THE 'BLACK DOG.' I WISH TO GOODNESS THAT 'ERE PUBLIC WERE SOMEWHERE ELSE!"

Giles. "SO D' I. I WISH 'TWERE IN THIS 'ERE VIELD, I DO!"

DISCONCERTING. 1903

He. "AND SO, AS I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE LEOPARD WOULD BE UP TO NEXT, I SHOT HIM ON THE SPOT."
She. "HOW VERY EXCITING! AND WHICH SPOT DID YOU SHOOT HIM ON?"

AN IDYLL OF THE SEA.

DOUBTFUL.

"AUNTIE, CAN *YOU* DO THAT?"

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE!! 1904

Future Duke. "WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' TO DO THIS MORNIN', EH?"
Future Earl. "OH, I DUNNO. ROT ABOUT, I S'POSE, AS USUAL."
Future Duke. "OH, BUT I SAY, THAT'S SO ROTTEN."
Future Earl. "WELL, WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO, YOU ROTTER?"

TRUE APPRECIATION.

(*Overheard at the Theatre.*)

Mrs. Parvenu. "I DON'T KNOW THAT I'M EXACKLY *GORNE* ON SHAKSPEARE PLAYS."

Mr. P. agrees.

PLAIN ENGLISH. 1964

SCENE—Tenants' Ball.

Lady Patricia. "I MUST REST A LITTLE. I FEEL SO TIRED. I'M GETTING QUITE DANCED OUT."

Giles Junior (gallantly). "OH, NOT *DARNED* STOUT, M'LADY. ONLY PLEASANTLY SO!"

A MATTER OF DIFFICULTY. 1904

Humane but Short-sighted Old Lady. "YOU CRUEL BOYS! I SHOULD LIKE TO TREAT YOU JUST EXACTLY AS YOU'VE TREATED THAT POOR DOG!"

"FOR WOMAN IS NOT UNDEVELOP'D MAN."—*Tennyson.*

Gentleman of the Old School (to new athletic daughter-in-law). "MY DEAR, I WANT YOU ALWAYS TO LOOK TO ME AS YOUR FATHER AND PROTECTOR."

THINGS ONE MIGHT HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY. 1904

Elderly Party (who fancies herself young). "AH, MILDRED, YOU AND I MUST ONE DAY LOSE OUR YOUTH AND BEAUTY!"

Mildred. "OH, YOU MUSTN'T BE DOWN-HEARTED. *YOU* HAVE *WORN* SO WONDERFULLY WELL!"

CONGENIAL COMPANY. 1967

"GOOD NIGHT, MR. GARGOYLE, SO GOOD OF YOU TO SEE ME HOME."
"OH, NOT AT ALL. I'VE ENJOYED MYSELF *QUITE* AS MUCH AS YOU HAVE, I ASSURE YOU!"

IN THE SAME BOAT. 1991

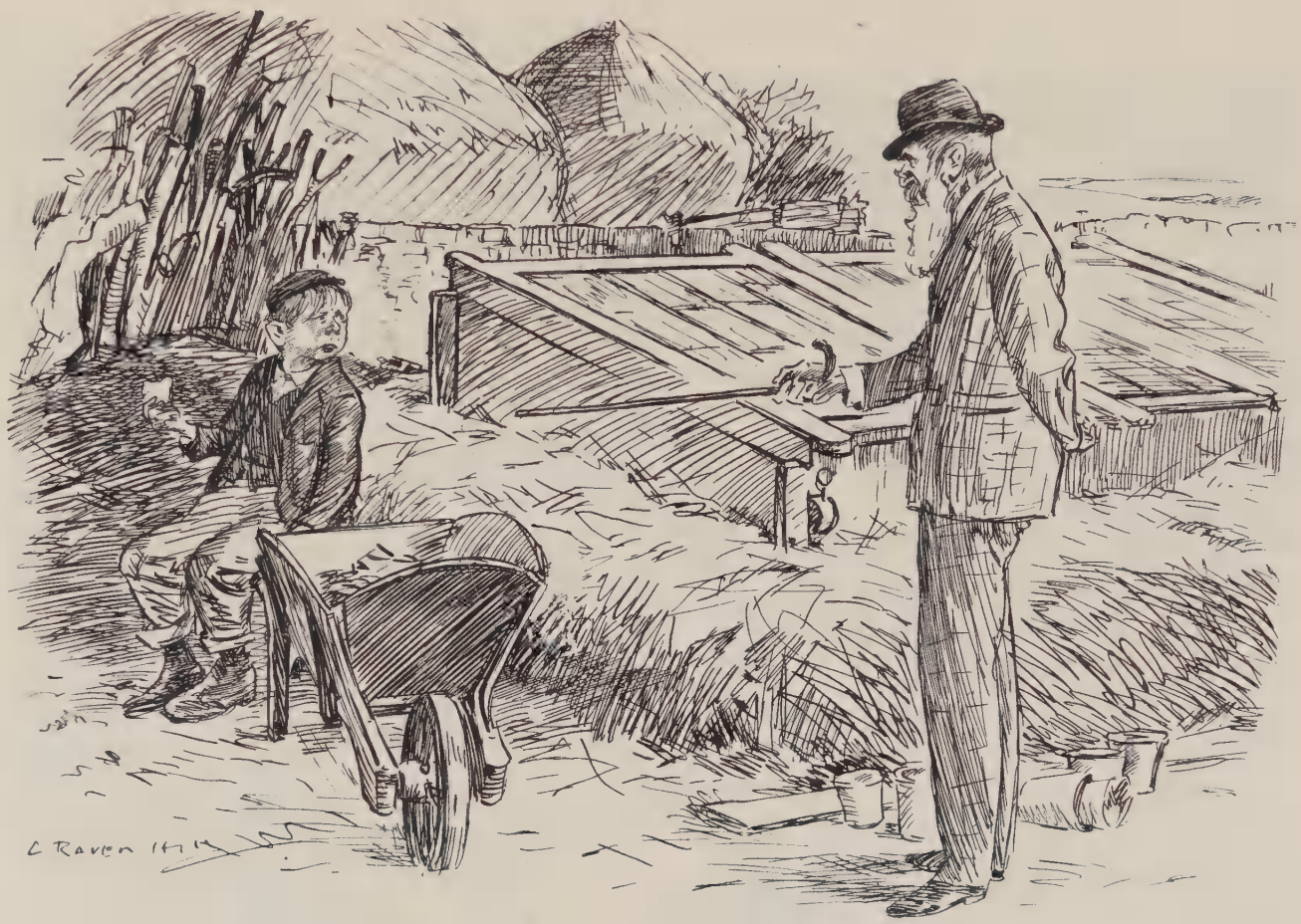
"I DON'T THINK SHE'S PRETTY."
"NEITHER DO I." (*After a pause*) "DID SHE REFUSE YOU TOO?"

OCCASIONAL ENTRIES. 1903

SCENE—A Country Drawing-Room.

Visitor (to Old Lady and Daughters, one of whose hobbies is the keeping of a small herd of Jerseys). "BY THE WAY, I DIDN'T SEE YOU AT OUR LOCAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW."

Daughter. "OH, NO! WE NEVER GO UNLESS WE EXHIBIT OURSELVES."



THE LABOUR MARKET. 1400

Employer. "I SHAN'T SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN ABOUT GETTING ON WITH YOUR WORK, YOUNG MAN. THE NEXT TIME I CATCH YOU IDLING ABOUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GO."

Boy (confidentially). "CHAPS IS SCARCE!"

THE TROUBLES OF AN M.F.H. 1904

M.F.H. (to stranger, who is violently gesticulating to hounds). "WHEN YOU HAVE DONE *FEEDING YOUR CHICKENS*, SIR, PERHAPS YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO HUNT MY HOUNDS!"

SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED. 1902

"I HAVE ROOM FOR SIX SCOTCHES MORE."—*Antony and Cleopatra*, ACT IV., SC. 7.

SHAKSPEARE UP TO DATE. 1903

"YOU SHALL NEVER TAKE HER WITHOUT HER ANSWER, UNLESS YOU TAKE HER WITHOUT HER TONGUE."—*As You Like It*, ACT IV., SC. 1.

A PRIVILEGED CLASS.

Keeper. "WOULD YOU GENTLEMEN KINDLY TELL ME WHICH OF YOU TWO IS A LORD, *AS I'VE BEEN TOLD TO GIVE HIM THE BEST PLACE.*"

IMPORTED GOODS.

Huntsman. "NOW THEN, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?"

Keeper's Underling (in tears). "PLEASE, SIR, IT'S THE LUNNON FOX, AND I CAN'T GET THE LID OFF! IT'S SCREWED!"

ITS FIRST APPEARANCE.

Driver of Motor-car (who has just pulled up in response to urgent summons from country-woman). "WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT IS IT?"

Countrywoman. "HI, MAN, LOOK! YOU'VE BEEN AN' LEFT YER 'OSS ON THE 'ILL!"

SATISFIED. 1903

"EXCUSE ME, SIR. I SEEM TO HAVE MET YOU BEFORE. ARE YOU NOT A RELATIVE OF MR. DAN BRIGGS?"

"NO, MADAM. I *AM* MR. DAN BRIGGS HIMSELF."

"AH, THEN THAT EXPLAINS THE REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE!"

A SATISFACTORY SOLUTION. 1901

"I FEAR, DUNCAN, THAT FRIEND OF MINE DOES NOT SEEM OVERLY SAFE WITH HIS GUN."

"NO, SIR. BUT I 'M THINKIN' IT 'LL BE ALL RIGHT IF YOU WASS TO GO WAN SIDE O' HIM AND MR. JOHN THE ITHER. HE CANNA SHOOT BAITH O' YE!"

A DISCORD. 1904

He. "HA! ABSURD THINGS THOSE 'BATTLEDORE BALLADS.' EH! WHAT?"

She. "I'M SORRY YOU THINK SO—MY SISTER WROTE THEM!"

He. "ER—OF COURSE I DON'T MEAN *THE WORDS*—THEY'RE RIPPIN'. I MEAN THE *MUSIC*—POOR STUFF—SPOILS WORDS—COMPOSER OUGHT TO BE KICKED—WHO WROTE IT?"

She. "I DID!!!" [*Awkward silence.*

THE GREAT QUESTION. 1904

Fond Young Mother (*with first-born*). "NOW, WHICH OF US DO YOU THINK HE IS LIKE?"

Friend (*judicially*). "WELL, OF COURSE, INTELLIGENCE HAS NOT REALLY DAWNED IN HIS COUNTENANCE YET, BUT HE'S WONDERFULLY LIKE BOTH OF YOU!"

PERILS OF A GARRISON TOWN. 190

"WHY DO YOU SQUEEZE YOUR DOLLY SO TIGHTLY, EFFIE?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, AUNTIE DEAR, MY DOLLY BEGINS TO SPEAK VERY EASILY NOW, AND SHE TALKS TO PEOPLE A GOOD DEAL. I HAVE TO BE SO *VERY* CAREFUL IN A PLACE WHERE THERE ARE SO MANY SOLDIERS ABOUT. OH, VERY CAREFUL INDEED!"

LOST AND FOUND.

Lady. "HAVE YOU LOST YOURSELF, LITTLE BOY?"

Little Boy. "NO - BOO-HOO—I'VE FOUND A STREET I DON'T KNOW!"

THE PUNSTER.

Chemist. "PILLS, EH?" (*Emphasising question*) "ANTI-BILIOUS?"
Child (readily). "NO, SIR; UNCLE IS!"

THE SUM TOTAL.

"IF YOU HAD EIGHT PENNIES AND BILLY HAD FOUR, AND YOU TOOK HIS AND PUT THEM TO YOURS, WHAT WOULD THAT MAKE?"

"MAKE TROUBLE, I 'SPEOT, 'COS I'D HAVE TO FIGHT HIM 'BOUT IT!"

THE TWELFTH. 1902

Guilderstein (his first experience in the Highlands). "I'VE BEEN SWINDLED! THAT CONFOUNDED AGENT SAID IT WAS ALL DRIVIN' ON THIS MOOR, AND LOOK AT IT, ALL HILLS AND SLOSH! NOT A DECENT CARRIAGE ROAD WITHIN TEN MILES!"

IGNORANCE DISPLAYED! 1902

Miller (looking after Cyclist, who has a slight touch of motor mania). "WELL, TO BE SURE! THERE DO BE SOME MAIN IGNORANT CHAPS OUT O' LONDON. 'E COMES 'ERE ASKIN' ME 'OW MANY 'ORSE POWER THE OLD MILL 'AD GOT."

"HE COMETH NOT, SHE SAID." 1912

Mistress (who is going out for the day). "AND, MARY, YOU MAY INVITE A FRIEND TO COME IN TO TEA, IF YOU LIKE."

Mary. "PLEASE, 'M, I HAVEN'T GOT ANY FRIENDS. I ONLY KNOW YOUNG WOMEN!"

SOMETHING WRONG. 1912

He (musical—to hostess). "I HOPE YOU WILL EXCUSE MY GIVING A HUMOROUS SKETCH TO-NIGHT I'M SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUT I—I FEEL SO—*SO FUNNY!*"

STUDY OF A STATE OF MIND. 1903

A LADY "ALL OF A FLUTTER."

QUITE SO. 1903

Professor Jawohl obliges in English:

"OO DRIES TO GATCH ME GATCHES BUT AIR!"

INOPPORTUNE. 1904

Enthusiast of the "No Hat Brigade" (to elderly gentleman, who has just lost his hat).

"FINE IDEA THIS, SIR, FOR THE HAIR, EH?"

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE. 1904

FITZ-JONES GOES IN FOR MOTORING AND MIXES IN SOCIETY.

NEATLY PUT. 1900

Fair Widow. "YES, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND THAT WHEN I DIE I SHALL BE CREMATED, AS MY HUSBAND WAS."

Gallant Captain. "DEAR LADY, PLEASE DON'T TALK ABOUT SUCH DREADFUL THINGS. CONSIDER HOW MUCH BETTER IT WOULD BE, IN YOUR CASE, TO—ER—*CROSS OUT THE C!*"

ABSENT-MINDED.

The "Young Man." "GOOD MORNING, MISS SMITH. I AM SO SORRY. I CAN'T THINK WHERE I PUT THE ROSE I PROMISED TO BRING YOU!"

[He had put it in his hat, so as to be on a soft spot.

"SENDING-IN" DAY.

INDIGO BROWN TAKES HIS PICTURE, ENTITLED "PEACE AND COMFORT," TO THE R.A. HIMSELF, AS HE SAYS, "THOSE PICTURE CARTS ARE CERTAIN TO SCRATCH IT," AND, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF HIS CABBY, ADDS THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON HIS WAY THERE!

SHORT!

"SHAVE, OR HAIR CUT, SIR?"
"*CORNS*, YOU FOOL!"

IN A BAR, NEWMARKET.

Seedy Individual (to Knowing One). "D' YER WANT TO BUY A DIAMOND PIN CHEAP?"

Knowing One. "'ERE, GET OUT OF THIS! WHAT D' YOU TAKE ME FOR? A JUGGINS?"

S. I. "GIVE YER MY WORD IT'S WORTH SIXTY QUID IF IT'S WORTH A PENNY. AND YOU CAN 'AVE IT FOR A TENNER."

K. O. "LET'S 'AVE A LOOK AT IT. WHERE IS IT?"

S. I. "IN THAT OLD GENT'S TIE. *WILL YER 'AVE IT?*"

LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG. 1900

Pat. "I'VE JUST 'EARD THAT MY WOIFE'S VERY ILL, SORR, AND I THINK I'D BETTER BE GOING HOME."

Employer (doubting him). "WHY, PAT, I MET A MAN TO-DAY WHO TOLD ME YOUR WIFE WAS WELL."

Pat (anxious to score). "SURE, THEN, I'VE GOT NO WOIFE AT ALL, SORR. SO WE MUST *BOTH* BE LIARS!"

THE MONSTER. 1900

TIME—Midday. SCENE—River bank near reported hole of an Otter the Hounds have been trying for since dawn.

Lady Resident. "SO GLAD YOU'RE COME! I HAVE SUCH GOOD NEWS! MY HUSBAND SHOT THE OTTER LAST WEEK. SUCH A MONSTER! HE'S HAVING HIM STUFFED."

THINGS THAT ARE BETTER LEFT UNSAID. 1904

Miss Fitz-Jones (to Smithers, who has claimed first dance). "YOU'RE QUITE AN EARLY BIRD, MR. SMITHERS!"

Smithers (making big attempt at something gallant). "AH, YES, BY JOVE, AND I'VE CAUGHT THE WORM TOO!"

FITZ-NOODLE'S OTTER HOUNDS. 1902

THEY THOUGHT IT WAS THE HOLE OF AN OTTER, AND PROCEEDED TO STIR IT UP WITH A STICK; BUT IT TURNED OUT TO BE A WASPS' NEST!

"FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS." 1903

STRONGLY RECOMMENDED FROM HIS LAST PLACE. 1904

Lady (engaging a page-boy). "WELL, HOW SOON CAN YOU COME?"
Page (readily). "AT ONCE, MUM."
Lady. "BUT SURELY YOUR PRESENT MISTRESS WON'T LIKE *THAT!*"
Page (brightly). "OH YES, SHE WILL, MUM. SHE'LL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO GET RID OF ME!"

"A NICHT WI' BURNS."

SAD RESULTS OF PERSISTENT BRIDGE PLAYING AT SEA.

Owner. "I'LL 'EAVE IT TO YOU, PARTNER!"

WANTS CONSIDERATION. 1900

Mother. "NOW, DEAR, WHY DON'T YOU RUN AWAY AND GIVE GRANDPA' A KISS?"
Child (somewhat nonplussed by Grandpapa's moustache and beard). "I DON'T SEE ANY PLACE FOR IT, MAMMA!"

GIVING HIM AWAY. 1900

"AND WHY DOES YOUR MASTER WANT TO SELL THE HORSE?"

"'E DOAN CARE FOR 'M, SIR."

"BUT *WHY* DOESN'T HE CARE FOR HIM? YOU TELL YOUR MASTER THAT I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM ABOUT IT."

"WELL, TO TELL YE THE TRUTH, SIR, 'E AIN'T COME OUT O' THE 'OSPITAL YIT, SIR!"

NOT GETTING ON.

Pupil (to Riding Master). "WHAT DO I DO NOW?"

NEEDLESS ALARM.

He. "THE FELLAH ACTUALLY THWEATENED TO BLOW MY BWAINS OUT!"
She. "OH, HOW *COULD* HE. OF *COURSE* HE WASN'T SERIOUS."

THE ABSENT ONE.

Attentive Friend. "REGGIE, OLD BOY, I'VE JUST LOOKED IN TO ASK HOW YOU ARE, AND HOPE YOU HAVE GOOD NEWS FROM YOUR WIFE, EH? SHE IS ALL THE BETTER FOR HER STAY AT CANNES?"

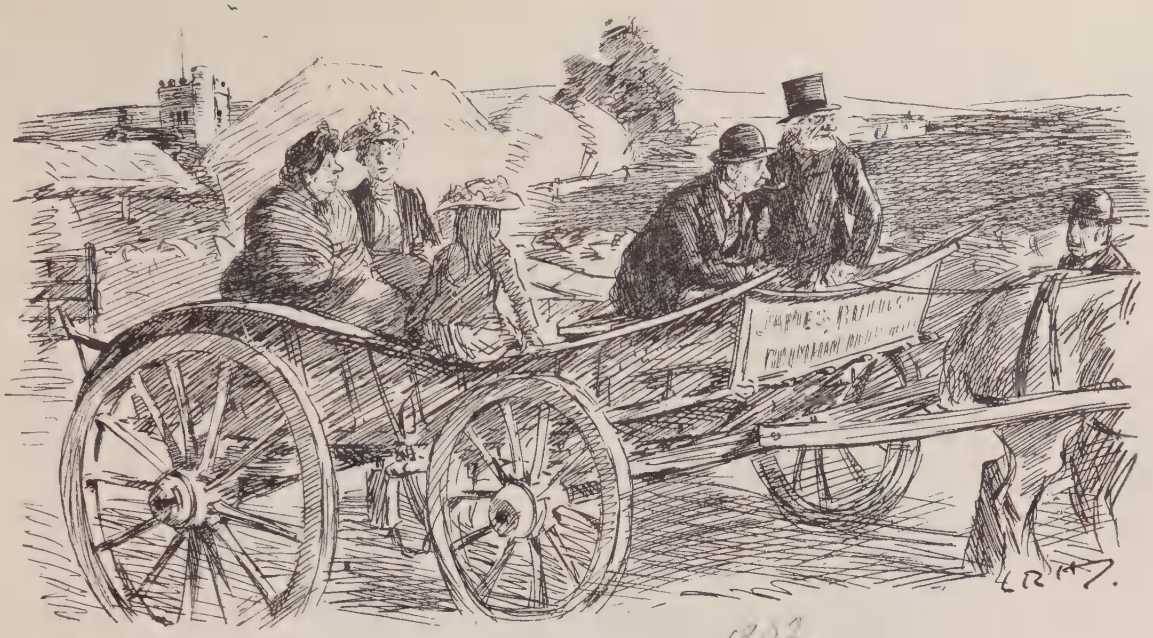
Devoted Husband. "WELL, OLD FELLOW, I REALLY CAN'T TELL YOU, FOR SHE DOESN'T SAY MUCH IN HER LETTERS; BUT I PERSONALLY HAVE DERIVED GREAT BENEFIT FROM HER PROLONGED STAY IN THE SOUTH!"

THE DEADHEAD. 1902

"GO BACK, MY BOY, GO BACK, AND COME OUT *THE WAY YOU WENT IN.*"
"THAT'S WHAT I BE DOIN', MISTER."

UP TO DATE. 1903

Elsie. "MISS TIMMINS TOLD ME TO-DAY IN THE GEOGRAPHY LESSON THAT STONEHENGE WAS OVER TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD."
Jack. "WHAT NONSENSE! WHY, IT'S ONLY 1903 NOW!"



SIGHT SEEING.

Passer-by. "WHOY, WHEREVER BE GWOIN', JARGE, THIS TIME O' DAY?"

Jarge. "OH, WE 'M A-GOIN' INTO THE TOWN TO ZEE THIS 'ERE COMET AS THEY TELLS ABOUT!"

"PER SALTUM."

Cabby (observing Fare looking at his old Screw). "ONE OF THE OLD SORT, HE IS. MANY 'S THE TIME, AFORE HE TOOK TO CABBIN', 'E 'S BIN OVER THE STICKS, I WARRANT."

Fare. "QUITE BELIEVE IT. HE 'S OVER FOUR PRETTY CROOKED ONES NOW."

CHECK.

1900

Parent. "IF YOU DON'T STOP CRYING AT ONCE, SIR, I SHALL GIVE YOU A SEVERE THRASHING."
Son and Heir. "AND I SHALL TELL THE TICKET-COLLECTOR I AM OVER AGE! BA-HOO!"

"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING."

Village Doctor. "HOW IS YOUR HUSBAND TO-DAY, MRS. BROWN?"

Mrs. Brown. "OH, EVER SO MUCH BETTER, DOCTOR, THANK YOU KINDLY. THESE LAST FEW DAYS HE 'S BEEN UNCOMMON CROSS, BUT THIS MORNING HIS TEMPER IS QUITE NORMAL."

GOODWOOD ANTICIPATIONS. 1905

Charitable Lady. "I GAVE YOUR FATHER THE MONEY TO BUY YOU A COAT LAST WEEK. I SEE YOU 'RE NOT WEARING IT."

Boy. "NO, MUM, 'E PUT IT ON A 'ORSE."

Lady. "ON A HORSE! BUT HE SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF *YOUR* COMFORT BEFORE THAT OF AN *ANIMAL!*"

C. E. Brock 1904

SO OBVIOUS. 1904

Miss Griffin. "I'M SURE IT MUST BE MRS. JONES'S FAULT THAT SHE CAN'T MANAGE MABEL. THE CHILD IS MOST AFFECTIONATE.

Polite Visitor (eager to agree). "YES, THE WAY SHE GETS ON WITH *YOU* SHOWS THAT!"

A FORETASTE.

Nervous Passenger. "WHAT *IS* THAT HORRIBLE JAR I FEEL EVERY NOW AND THEN, DRIVER?"

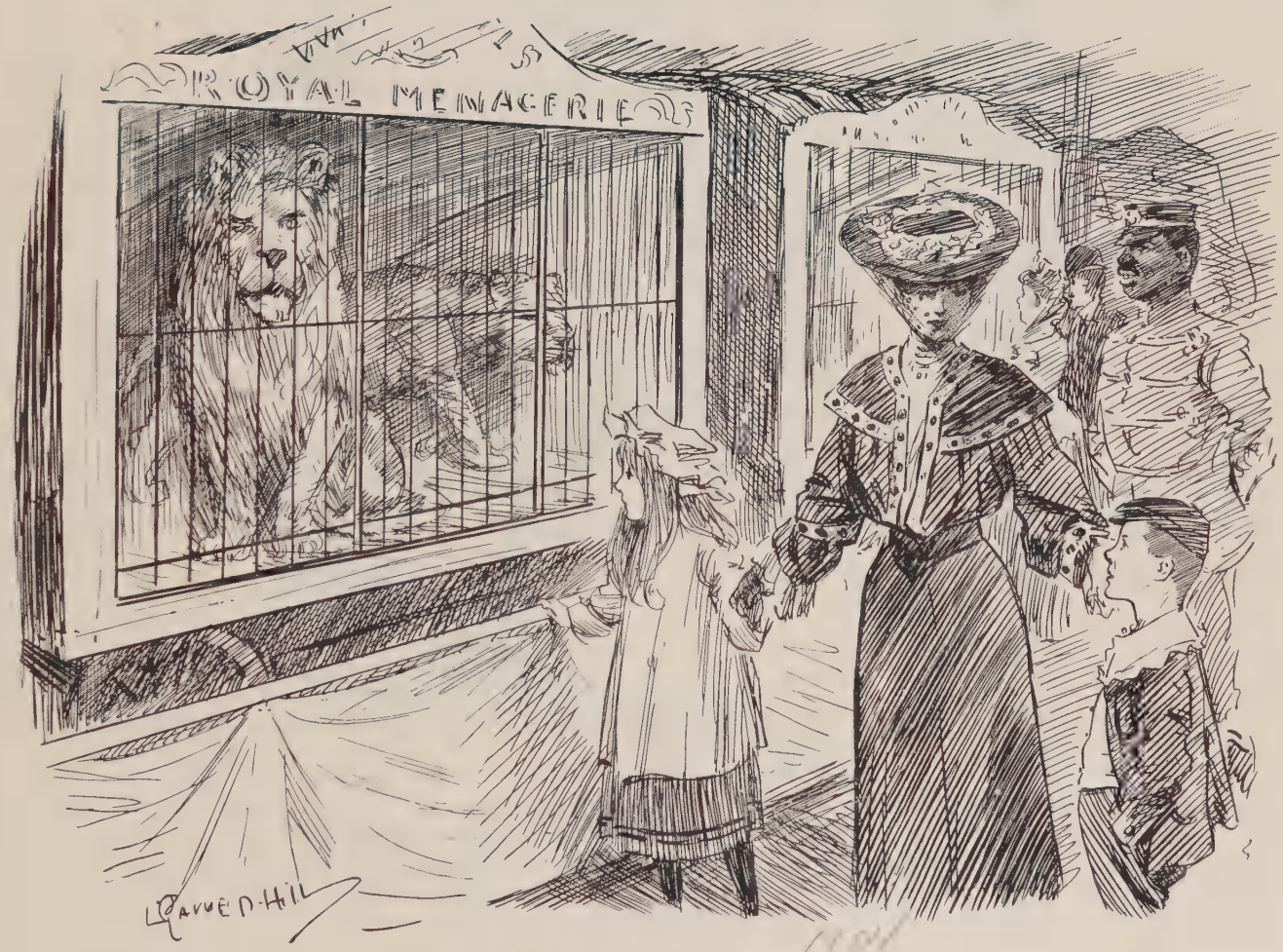
Jarvey. "SURE, YER HONNER, AN' IT'S ONLY THE LITTLE MARE PLAYIN' WID THE CAR! WAIT TILL WE COME TO KNOCKAHERRY HILL, YOU'LL BE AFTHER FEELIN' HER *KICK* THEN, SORR!"

HIGH AND HAUGHTY.

Miss Di. "OH, MRS. SNOBSON, I WAS JUST COMING OVER TO TELL YOU WE ARE GETTING UP A CLASS FOR LEARNING WOOD CARVING, AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEND YOUR DAUGHTER."

Mrs. Snobson (who is rather deaf). "GOOD CARVING? I THINK NOT. SUCH AN ACCOMPLISHMENT WOULD BE QUITE SUPERFLUOUS FOR MY DAUGHTER. OUR BUTLER ALWAYS DOES THAT KIND OF THING, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

CRICKET AT THE ZOO.



AN IMAGINARY LINE.

Master Tom. "I SAY, MUMMIE, I DIDN'T KNOW THE EQUATOR WAS LIKE *THAT.*"
Mother. "WHAT *ARE* YOU TALKING ABOUT, CHILD?"
Master Tom. "WELL, MISS TEACHEM TOLD US IT WAS A MENAGERIE LION RUNNING ROUND THE EARTH"

REHEARSAL FOR CHRISTMAS.

Auntie. "WHAT MAKES YOU SO *SERIOUS*, TOMMY?"

Tommy. "WHY, MA TOLD ME THAT I MUST REMEMBER NOT TO ASK FOR ANYTHING TO EAT, AND I AM TRYING TO REMEMBER IT!"

C. E. Brock 1901

GETTING WARM.

Little Montague. "I WAS AWAKE WHEN SANTA CLAUS CAME, DAD!"

Father. "WERE YOU? AND WHAT WAS HE LIKE, EH?"

Little Montague. "OH, I COULDN'T SEE HIM—IT WAS DARK, YOU KNOW. BUT WHEN HE BUMPED HIMSELF ON THE WASHSTAND HE SAID——"

Father (hastily). "THERE, THAT'LL DO, MONTY. RUN AWAY AND PLAY!"

INFERENCE.

Little Boy. "MUMMY, DEAR, WHY CAN'T I STAY UP TILL IT GETS LATE?"

Mother. "THAT WOULDN'T DO AT ALL, DEAR. YOU'D WAKE UP SO *CROSS* IN THE MORNING.

Little Boy (thoughtfully). "DOES DADDY GO TO BED *VERY* LATE, MUMMY?"

TAKING HIM DOWN.

He (dilating on his new Motor). "OH, YES, THE OTHER DAY WE RAN OVER THIRTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR EASILY."

She. "REALLY! HOW NICE! DO YOU KNOW WE HEARD IT WAS OVER TWO POOR LITTLE DOGS AND A PIG!"

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA. 1901

Master Bob. "I SAY, ADAM, THAT WAS A PRETTY BAD MISS!"

Keeper. "'TWASN'T EVEN THAT, MASTER BOB. 'TWAS FIRING IN A TOTALLY WRONG DIRECTION."

GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE ARMY. 1901

Colonel (who is taking a turn round to see how his subs are getting along with their road sketching). "YOU KNOW, THIS WON'T DO. YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO *RIDE* ABOUT THE COUNTRY, AND MAKE SKETCHES AS YOU GO."

Jones (not getting along at all nicely, thank you). "WELL, SIR, IF I COULD DO THAT, SIR, I SHOULD CHUCK UP THE ARMY, AND JOIN A CIRCUS!"

OVERHEARD AT SCARBOROUGH. 1908

"DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING GOOD FOR A COLD?" "YES."
"WHAT IS IT?"
"HAVE YOU GOT THE PRICE OF TWO SCOTCH WHISKIES ON YOU?" "NO."
"THEN IT'S NO USE MY TELLING YOU."

HARD TIMES.

Paterfamilias. "LUCKY BEGGAR! *HE* CAN ALWAYS MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET."

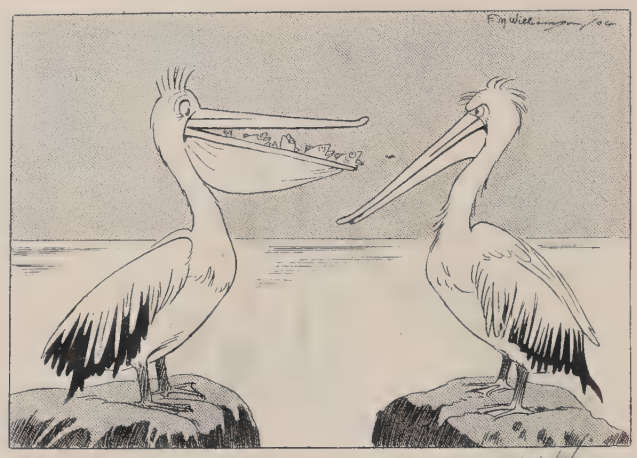


TABLE MANNERS. 1904

Father Pelican (reprovingly). "HOW CAN YOU EXPECT TO SPEAK DISTINCTLY WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL?"

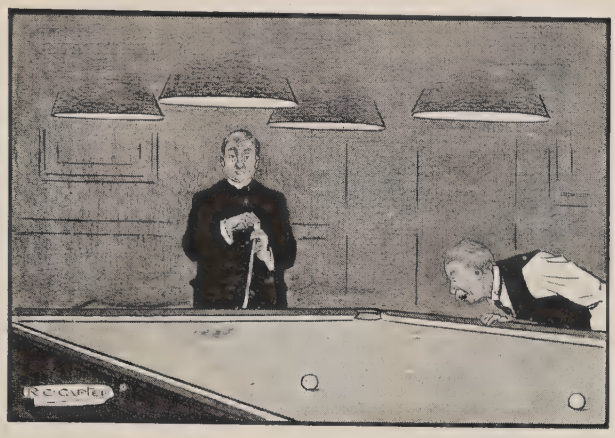
DRAWING THE LINE. 1904

Owner. "WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE HIM?"

Intending Purchaser (who has been trying the horse). "OH, HE'S ALL RIGHT, BUT NO GOOD FOR OUR COUNTRY."

Owner. "WHY'S THAT?"

I. P. "WELL, YOU SEE, WE'RE TOO FAR FROM THE SEA; AND I THINK THAT'S THE ONLY THING WOULD STOP HIM!"



SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE, ETC.

Owner of Table. "LOOK HERE! YOU ARE ALWAYS REMINDING ME TO RESPECT *YOUR* CLOTH. I WISH TO GOODNESS YOU'D PAY A LITTLE MORE RESPECT TO *MINE!*"

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Partner of his Joys (who has superintended the removal). "WELL, DEAR, YOU HAVEN'T SAID HOW YOU LIKE THE NEW FLAT!"

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Olga (who has overheard a conversation in the Drawing-room). "AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU WEREN'T BORN A LADY, COOK?"

Cook. "WHY SHOULD I BE GLAD, MISS OLGA?"

Olga. "WELL, SEE WHAT A LOT OF TROUBLE YOU'D HAVE WITH THE SERVANTS!"

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

Our Amateur Romeo (who has taken a cottage in the country, so as to be able to study without interruption). "ARISE, FAIR SUN, AND KILL THE ENVIOUS MOON——"

Owner of rubicund countenance (popping head over the hedge). "BEG PARDON, ZUR. BE YOU A TALKIN' TO OI, ZUR?"

THE COUNTERFEIT. 1902

Snooks (who fancies himself very much). "WHAT'S SHE CRYING FOR?"

Arabella. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. SHE WAS FRIGHTENED. WHEN SHE SAW *YOU* SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A *MAN!*"

METEOROLOGICAL.

Golfer. "AN' WHAT LIKE A DAY HAD YE HERE YESTERDAY, MACPHERSON?"
Macpherson. "OH, AN AWFU' DAY! IT WAS JUST POURIN'!"
Golfer. "WEEL, WEEL, AN' IN THE TOON WE JUST HAD A LOCAL SHOWER."
Macpherson. "AW WEEL, I CAN ASSURE YOU IT WASNA LOCAL HERE WHATEVER!"

FINALITY.

Hairdresser. "HAIR BEGINS TO GET VERY THIN, SIR."
Customer. "YES."
Hairdresser. "HAVE YOU TRIED OUR TONIC LOTION?"
Customer. "YES. THAT DIDN'T DO IT THOUGH."

THE SCORCHER. 1901

Nervous Party. "THE TRAIN SEEMS TO BE TRAVELLING AT A FEARFUL PACE, MA'AM."

Elderly Female. "YUS, AIN'T IT? MY BILL'S A-DRIVIN' OF THE INGIN, AN' 'E *CAN* MAKE 'ER GO WHEN 'E'S GOT A DROP O' DRINK IN 'IM!"

GOOD JUDGES. 1901

Paterfamilias (who, in honour of Master Tom's birthday, has opened a bottle of the Royal Sherry). "IN EVERY WAY A MOST EXCELLENT WINE. IT QUITE CLINGS TO THE GLASS."

Master Tom. "MINE DOESN'T!"

A PROMISING PARTNER. 1904

Miss Lightfoot. "BUT—ER—IF YOU'RE NOT CERTAIN IF YOU CAN DANCE THE TWO-STEP, MR. CLUMPSOLE, PERHAPS YOU'D PREFER TO SIT IT OUT."

Enthusiast. "OH NO, THANKS. I WANT TO LEARN IT!"

A GENTLE REBUKE. 1906

Young Innocent. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, DID I TREAD ON YOUR FOOT THAT TIME?"
Sweet Girl (very sweetly). "OH, NO, NOT *THAT* TIME!"

SANCTUARY. 1906

Hostess. "I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO PLAY 'BRIDGE'!"

Host. "SO WE ARE, BUT THEY ARE PLAYING 'PING-PONG' IN THE DINING-ROOM, AND 'FIRES' IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM, JACK'S TRYING TO IMITATE DAN LENO IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, AND DICK'S GOT THAT INFERNAL GRAMOPHONE OF HIS GOING IN THE HALL, AND THEY ARE LAYING SUPPER IN THE SMOKING-ROOM, SO *WE'RE* GOING TO THE NURSERY!"

THE CAPPING QUESTION IN THE SHIRES. 1903

Trials of a Hunt Secretary.

MONSIEUR LENOYAU'S FIRST FOX HUNT WITH OUR HOUNDS.

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS, EXCEPT IN TABLEAU NO. 4.

THE MODEL AS CRITIC. 1903

Model (wishing to say something pleasant). "YOU MUST HAVE PAINTED UNCOMMONLY WELL WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG!"

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Tourist (to Oldest Inhabitant). "AND WHAT IS THE POPULATION OF THIS VILLAGE?"
Oldest Inhabitant. "WELL, ZUR, THERE'S ME—AND—" (*Long pause.*) "WELL, ZUR, I DON'T 'ZACTLY KNOW HOW MANY MORE THEY BE!"

YE FIRST MEET OF YE SEASON. 1906

From a rare old Frieze (not) in ye British Museum.

YE FIRST MEET OF YE COACHING CLUB IN YE TIME OF YE ROMANS.

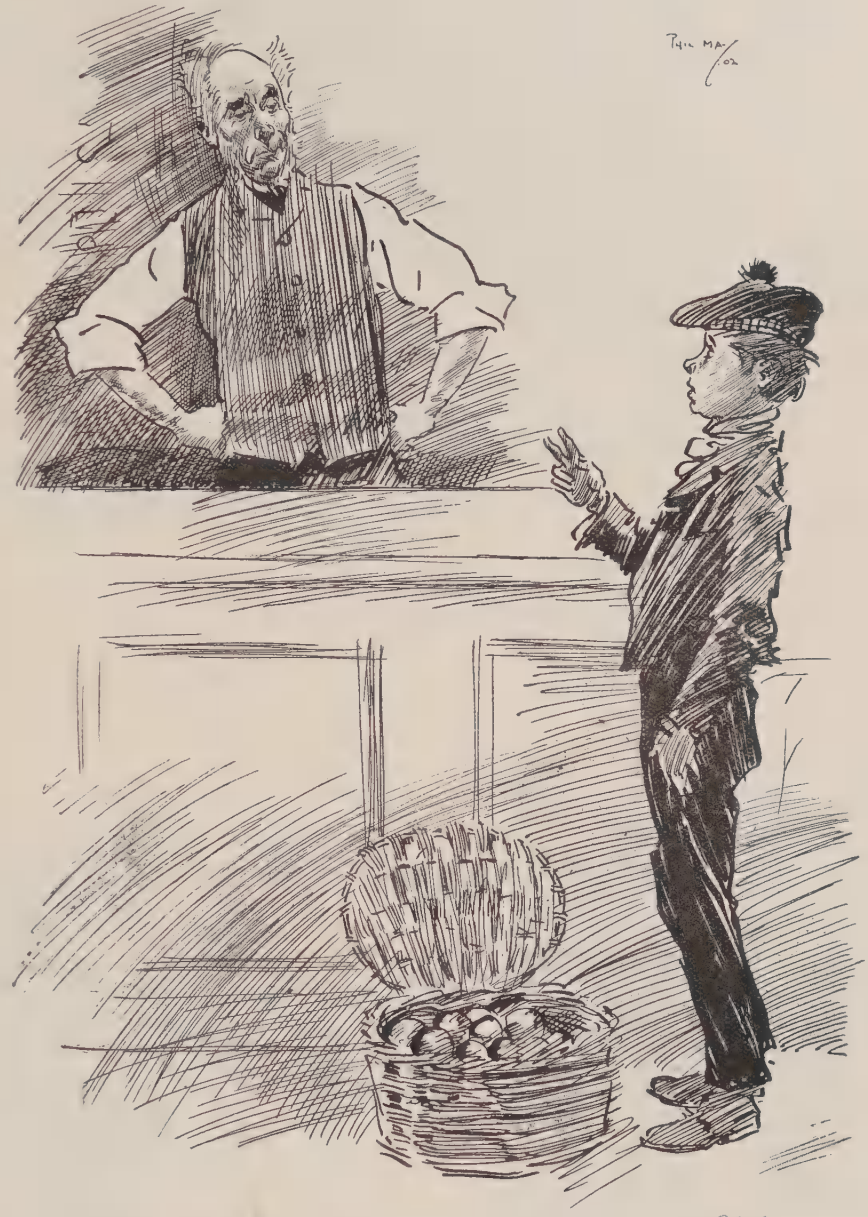
From a rare old Frieze (not) in ye British Museum.

NO NAME. 1903

It is necessary in some parts of Ireland for carmen to have their names legibly written on the tailboard of the car.

Inspector. "WHAT'S THE MEANIN' OF THIS, PAT? YOUR NAME'S O-BLITERATED."

Pat. "YE LIE—IT'S O'BRIEN!"



NOTHING IF NOT CLASSICAL. 1902

Free Kirk Grocer. "AN' HOO MANY O' THE APPLES HAVE YE EATEN ON THE ROAD, SANDY?"
Sandy (a youth of promise in Standard VI.). "ET TWO BRUTE!"

BETWEEN FRIENDS. 1900

Hickling (to friend, who finds some difficulty in keeping his cigar alight). "I SAY, OLD MAN, WHAT MATCHES DO YOU SMOKE?"

THE OTHER CLUB. 1902

Fitzfoozle (a beginner, who is "teaching" a lady on the men's links, and loses a club). "PARDON ME, SIR. HAVE YOU SEEN A LADY'S CLUB ANYWHERE?"

Admiral Peppercorn (very irate at being delayed, wishes ladies would play on their own course). "NO, SIR; BUT THERE'S A GOOSE CLUB AT THE 'PIG AND WHISTLE,' I BELIEVE. TRY THAT!"

HOME DEFENCE. 1901

"OH, MR. JONES! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A VOLUNTEER, AND ON HORSEBACK TOO! YOU USED NOT TO RIDE. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A CAVALRYMAN?" *Jones.* "OH, I'VE BEEN EXERCISING FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS ON—" (*sadly*) "AND OFF!"

A ROLAND FOR HIS OLIVER.

"GARN! YER WEAR YER FATHER'S BOOTS!"
"SO DO YOU! AN' WOT'S MORE, YER *FEEL* 'EM!"

LIVE STOCK.

Farmer. "THERE'S A FINE FAT PIG FOR SALE HERE. CAN I SEE IT?"
Boy (*calling out*). "FA-A-THER! SOME UN WANTS TO SEE YER?"

AN EVIDENT DANGER. 1903

Mrs. Round-About. "BUT DON'T YOU THINK THIS 'CLINGING STYLE' WOULD MAKE ME LOOK SO DREADFULLY EMACIATED!"

ART AND NATURE. 1904

(*Overheard during the Private Theatricals.*)

She. "HOW WELL YOUR WIFE PLAYS *LADY GERALDINE*, MR. JONES. I THINK THE WAY SHE PUTS ON THAT AWFUL AFFECTED TONE IS JUST SPLENDID. HOW *DOES* SHE MANAGE IT?"

Mr. Jones (*with embarrassment*). "ER—SHE DOESN'T. THAT'S HER NATURAL VOICE."

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mrs. Heviwayte. "I DO BELIEVE THE LITTLE DARLING KNOWS I'M GETTIN' IN!"

GETTING OVER THE DIFFICULTY.

Noel (who has painted a cow in blue). "I DON'T NEVER 'MEMBER SEEING A BLUE COW."
Elsie. "NEVER MIND. LET'S SAY THE COW'S COLD."

AT THE ZOO. 1902

Little Girl (after seeing many queer beasts). "BUT THERE AREN'T *REALLY* SUCH ANIMALS, NURSE, ARE THERE?"

L'ANGLAIS FIN-DE-SIÈCLE. 1900

First Tripper (in French Picture Gallery). "WHAT O! 'ERE! WHAT PRICE THIS?"
Gardien (who quite understands him). "PARDON, M'SIEUR, EET IS NOT 'WATTEAU,' AND EET IS NOT FOR SALE!"

G. L. STAMPA.

EUPHEMISTIC. 1903

Beggar. "SPARE A COPPER, LIDY, TO 'ELP A PORE MAN OUT OF WORK. I'M A TIMBER MERCHANT BY PROFESSION."

Lady. "WHAT KIND OF A TIMBER MERCHANT?"

Beggar. "WELL—I—UM—SELL MATCHES, LIDY!"

NO SPORTSMAN. 1900

MacAlister. "WHEN YE COME TAE SCOTLAND I'LL GIE YE PLENTY FUSHIN' AND SHUITIN'."
Brown. "ARE YOU FOND OF FISHING AND SHOOTING?"
MacAlister. "NA! NA! A CANNA FUSH AND AM FAIRD TAE SHUIT!"

GETTING ONE BACK.

"I MADE UGLY FACES AT YOUR STUCK-UP SISTER THE OTHER DAY, BUT I S'POSE SHE DIDN'T SEE ME?"

"OH, YUS, SHE DID. BUT SHE THOUGHT THEY WAS NATURAL."

A WORD IN SEASON.

Mrs. Smith. "THIS IS A VERY UNPLEASANT PIECE, DON'T YOU THINK? THERE'S CERTAINLY A GREAT DEAL TO BE DONE YET IN THE WAY OF ELEVATING THE STAGE."

Mr. Jones (who hasn't been able to get a glimpse of the Stage all the afternoon). "WELL—ER—IT WOULD COME TO MUCH THE SAME THING IF YOU LADIES WERE TO LOWER YOUR HATS!"

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW. 1903

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LUDSHIP, I ASK THAT THE WITNESS BE FORCED TO PRODUCE THE PAPERS THAT WERE BURNT!"

TO DO HIS BEST. 1902

Aged Criminal (who has just got a li'e sentence). "OH, ME LUD, I SHALL NEVER LIVE TO DO IT!"
Judge (sweet y). "NEVER MIND. DO AS MUCH OF IT AS YOU CAN!"

TROUBLE IN SIGHT.

Mamma. "NOW GO AND SAY GOOD-NIGHT TO YOUR GOVERNESS, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL, AND GIVE HER A KISS."
Little Puss. "I'LL SAY GOOD-NIGHT, BUT I WON'T GIVE HER A KISS."
Mamma. "THAT'S NAUGHTY! WHY WON'T YOU GIVE HER A KISS!"
Little Puss. "BECAUSE SHE SLAPS PEOPLE'S FACES WHEN THEY TRY TO KISS HER."
Mamma. "NOW, DON'T TALK NONSENSE; BUT DO AS YOU'RE TOLD."
Little Puss "WELL, MUMMY, IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME,——*ASK PAPA!*" [*Tableau*

THE STOICS OF MAYFAIR. 1907

"NO MORE SIMPLE LIFE FOR *ME*, MY DEAR. I'VE BEEN ROUGHING IT IN A TINY COTTAGE FOR TWO MONTHS, AND MY SECOND FOOTMAN AWAY ILL NEARLY THE WHOLE TIME!"

HAPPILY EXPRESSED! 1904

Lady Gusher. "GOOD-BYE! THANKS SO MUCH! YOUR PICTURES ARE CHARMING, AND SO UNLIKE YOUR USUAL WORK!"

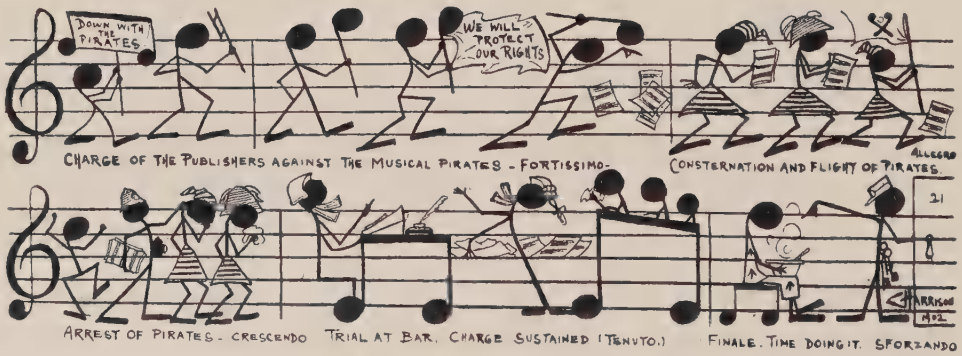
OFFENSIVE FAMILIARITY. 1904

Vulgar Street Boy (shouting to Master Merton, who is with his Mamma). "HALLO, TUMMY!"

Bernard Partridge fec

BUT WAS IT? 1900

Aspirant. "YOU HAVE HEARD MY VOICE, PROFESSOR. NOW PLEASE TELL ME CANDIDLY WHAT BRANCH OF VOCALISM IT IS BEST ADAPTED FOR."
Professor. "WELL—*CHEERING!*"



MUSICAL PIRACY.

(A selection from an old score, which has since been paid off.) 1902

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